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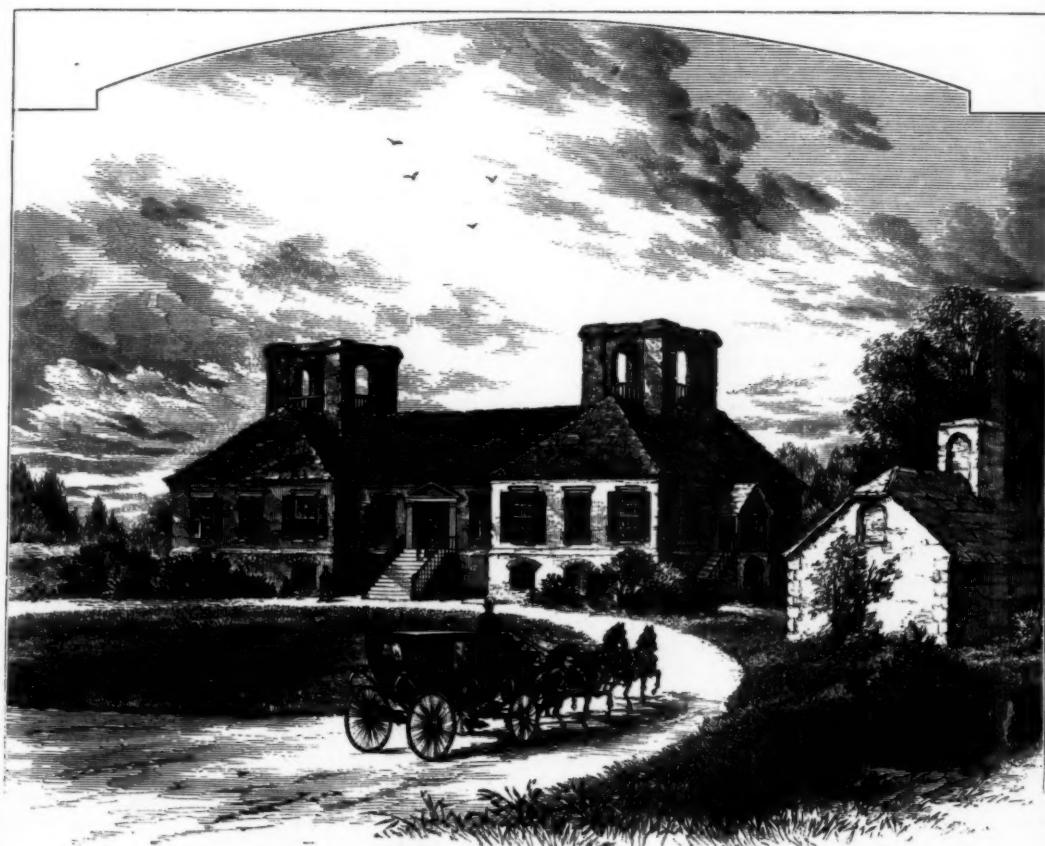
## STRATFORD HOUSE.

THE late Lord Lytton, when he was young Edward Bulwer, strapped a knapsack on his back, took a stout stick in his hand, and set out on foot for a tramp through "rural England," bent on searching for and finding the picturesque in out-of-the-way and little-known localities. It is a pity that a simi-

hour, and really see nothing of them. Old churches, old houses, old localities, connected, perhaps, with great men or great events, become thus mere phantasmagoria, disappearing as quickly as they appear.

"Stratford House," the former home of the Lee family in Virginia, is a good illustra-

hospitability, and was filled throughout the year with crowds of company. All the grace and chivalry, the intellect and beauty, of an honest, kindly, accomplished race, flowed to and fro, either going or coming, through its ample door-way; great banquets were set; the violins resounded; liveried servants were



STRATFORD HOUSE.

lar course is not pursued by lovers of what is old, suggestive, and characteristic, in this country. The spots of most attraction, in Virginia especially, are quite out of the beaten track of travel. You do not reach them by railway; and, even if they are in view, you pass them at a speed of thirty miles an

tion of this remoteness of the really striking and picturesque. The old mansion raises its walls—a silent and melancholy memorial of other times—in the almost unknown "Northern Neck," as the country is called between the Lower Rappahannock and Potomac. It was once the scene of a cordial and profuse

seen everywhere—all this you might have found at the hospitable old mansion a century ago, when it was in its glory and pride. Today, all that has passed away, and is a tradition only. The halls are silent; the liveries are moth-eaten; the banquets are ended; and the violins are hushed—Stratford is a

relic only, of another age, and a race which has disappeared.

Let us go back, if for a moment only, to those "good old times" at the venerable mansion, and recall some particulars relating to the eminent men who were either born in this house or lived here. The subject is an interesting one, as I think I shall be able to prove to the worthy reader. In more than one instance it will be seen that the dwellers at Stratford House played important parts in history.

The Lees—one of whom built this house with money given him for the purpose by Queen Caroline—were an old and respectable English family, Launcelot Lee, the founder, having "come over" with William the Conqueror. There was then a Lionel Lee, who marched with Richard of the Lion-heart to Palestine, distinguished himself, received on his return, from Richard, the estate of "Ditchley," and was made Earl of Lichfield, and was authorized to hang up his armor in the Tower of London. There were other gallant cavaliers in the family, among them old "Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley," who stalks in starched doublet and lace through Scott's "Woodstock," scowling at the Cromwellians—he was a real person; and then we reach Richard Lee, who came to Virginia some time during the reign of Charles I. or of Cromwell, and established the family anew in that new country.

Richard Lee, who built the original Stratford House, was a man of mark, from his character, his social position, and his career. As to his personal appearance and character, we have the testimony of his friends: he was "a man of good stature, comely visage, enterprising genius, round head, vigorous spirit, and generous nature." That he was pious, too, is shown by his will, in which he bequeaths his soul "to that good and gracious God that gave it me, and to my blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ, assumedly trusting in and by his meritorious death and passion to receive salvation." As to his social position, he possessed "Stratford," "Mooke Neck," "Mathotick," "Paper-Maker's Neck," "War-Captain's Neck," "Bishop's Neck," "Paradise," four thousand acres besides, on the Potomac; lands in Maryland; three islands in the Chesapeake Bay; a number of trading-vessels; and a great host of African and white "indentured" servants, who cultivated his extensive property. We now come, after this enumeration of his personal traits and his landed possessions, to his career. What brought him—"Richard Lee, of Stratford Langton, in the county of Essex, Esquire"—to Virginia, cannot probably, at this late day, be certainly ascertained. He came over somewhere about the year 1650, it seems, and, as he proved himself an ardent monarchist throughout his life, it may be that he was at Naseby or Worcester, and emigrated after one or other of those unlucky conflicts. It is just as probable, however, that he came to Virginia to improve his fortunes, rich land being exceedingly cheap there; and it has been seen that he managed to acquire great landed estates, and to become a prominent person in his new home. The statement is made that he resided in Virginia but a short

time at first, and returned to England, relinquishing his broad acres to the indentured servants he had brought over with him. He, however, came back, and lived and died in the colony, residing first at a place called "Cobbs" in Northumberland, and afterward at "Stratford-on-the-Potowmacke."

This Richard Lee was evidently a man of strong mind and energetic character. He was a member of the "King's Council," in Virginia, a great friend of Sir William Berkeley, the intensely "royal" governor, and proceeded to take a prominent and fearless part in the bitter struggle going on at that time between monarchy and republicanism for the possession of England. The struggle seemed decided, for Charles I. was dead, and a youth, called Charles II. by courtesy, was skulking on the Continent, and annoying more fortunate monarchs to death by his importunities. This youth, nevertheless, was a real king *de jure*, if not *de facto*, to Richard Lee; and that gentleman, on the death of Cromwell, hastened to Breda, in Flanders, "interviewed" the young monarch without a monarchy, and made him a distinct "business proposition." This was to erect his standard in Virginia, proclaiming him king there, and defying the authorities in England, if he would come over and head the rising in person. Charles refused, either moved by cautious good sense or from indolence; and Richard Lee sped back to Virginia, where he soon afterward, in conjunction with Sir William Berkeley, in spite of Charles, proclaimed that personage "King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia," two years before his proclamation in England. Nothing came of it, it is true; but Charles afterward recognized this proof of loyalty in his dark hour. He was graciously pleased to wear a robe made of Virginia silk at his coronation; and he authorized the motto "*En dat Virginia quintam*"—afterward changed to *quartam* when England and Scotland became one—to be placed on the Virginia shield. Thus, through Richard Lee, the poor little colony on the Chesapeake in America was ranked with England and France as one of the great constituent parts of the British Empire.

Authentic records prove the statements above made, in spite of the incredulity of Mr. George Bancroft and Mr. Charles Campbell. William Lee, sheriff and alderman in the city of London, testifies to the Breda visit, as a fact within his knowledge; and the proclamation of Charles II. in Virginia, in 1658, is asserted by Beverley, the first historian of Virginia, whose work appeared in 1705; by Robertson, Chalmers, Burke, and Dr. Hawks. *Per contra*, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Campbell deny the statements, and say they cannot find the official proclamation in the Virginia statutes. Who shall decide where doctors disagree?

Genealogies are uninteresting unless the personages are distinguished. This Richard I., of the Lee family, is seen to have been, and his grandson, Thomas Lee, who reigned after him in the "old manorial hall" of Stratford, was also, a man of mark—member of the King's Council, president, and commander-in-chief of the colony, and, finally, governor by royal appointment. He was thus a very

"worshipful gentleman," as to the externals of his social position; but, in addition to this, he was personally popular, in a very high degree, among his fellow-countrymen of Virginia. Toward the middle of the last century this popularity was clearly demonstrated. The old Stratford House, built by the first of the Lees in Virginia, Richard, was burned to the ground; and, no sooner had intelligence of this misfortune reached Williamsburg, the capital, than his excellency the governor, prominent merchants of the place, and other friends, took up a subscription to make good the loss, and build another house for Mr. Lee. A higher compliment still followed. Her majesty Queen Caroline was appealed to, or, possibly, acted without such appeal from mere general report of Mr. Lee's merit and deserving. She sent him as a present the sum of about eighty thousand dollars; and, finding himself thus well supplied with money, Thomas Lee set about rebuilding his house on the same site, more substantially than it had been built before. Gradually the solidly-constructed building rose, and the enduring character of the architecture will be understood from the fact that the walls are as firm and immovable to-day as when they first rose in 1745, more than a century and a quarter ago. Of the appearance of the ancient mansion at the present time, we shall give a detailed description before ending this sketch; let us finish first with Thomas Lee, Esquire, the lord of the manor, who had still another claim to distinction besides his public honors and his personal popularity—as the father of that brilliant galaxy of statesmen, Richard Henry Lee and his brothers. The names of these sons are all famous names: Richard Henry, called the "Gentleman of the Silver Hand," was the great orator and statesman, whose eloquence, Mr. Wirt says, stole away men's judgments; Francis Lightfoot was a scholar of elegant attainments, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; William was the sheriff and alderman of London, and an active friend of the colonies there; Arthur was a writer, a politician, a diplomatist, and the ardent, never-tiring representative of the country in France.

In the very apartment at Stratford House—so says tradition—in which Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee were born, there came into the world a long time afterward a child whose name will probably outlast theirs—Robert Edward Lee, general-in-chief of the Confederate armies in the late war. His father, General Henry Lee—a grand-nephew of Thomas, the builder of Stratford—had come into possession of the estate by marriage with his cousin, Matilda Lee. His famous career is well known. He fought through the Revolution, and achieved distinction—seizing Paulus's Hook by a *coup de main*, overthrowing Tarleton, and securing from Washington the assurance of his "love and thanks," and from Greene the noble compliment, "No man in the progress of the campaign had equal merit with yourself." He then wrote one of the most brilliant of all military books, "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department;" was elected Governor of Virginia, served in Congress, and passed away full of years and honors, after spending

many of his latter days at Stratford House. General R. E. Lee, who was the child of a second marriage, again connects Stratford, as has been seen, with history—rendering the spot more famous even than before.

The old house would be notable even without these historical associations, and—with the single exception, perhaps, of "Rosewell," the great Page mansion on York River—affects the imagination more than any other manor-house in Virginia. You are apt to look at this and other old dwellings with a feeling of something like astonishment—asking yourself what could have been the design of those who erected mansions of such apparently uncomfortable size. It was very simple—to perpetuate the family. The eldest son, by the English law of primogeniture, inherited the family mansion; and, in building the old manor-houses, the planters had the distinct aim in view to furnish the representative of the name with a fit dwelling-place—passing from father to son, generation after generation. The manor was to have its manor-house; the broad door was to be open year after year to welcome guests—friends or strangers; the great fireplaces were to roar; the great stables to shelter riding and coach horses—the representative of the race was to have it in his power to represent it fitly, and die feeling that his eldest son would fitly represent it after him. Such was the origin of the Stratford House, as of a hundred other old edifices in Virginia—lingerings memorials now of a social organization which has disappeared as completely as the last year's snow and sunshine!

To come to the actual present appearance of the ancient "Stratford House," "Hall," or "Castle," which once stood in the midst of broad and smiling acres, surrounded by other mansions, the abodes of gay and smiling families, allied to the Lees by the ties of blood or friendship: All is now changed. The country is overgrown with forest, and, everywhere almost, is silent and dreary. Where, once upon a time, broad and well-beaten roads led from one old house to another, you now find only devious bridle-paths, worn into holes by carts, and slowly disappearing. You come thus, suddenly and unawares, upon Stratford House, which is called, sometimes, "The Castle," and stands, in Westmoreland, about a mile below the birthplace of Washington, surrounded by dense forests of oaks and pines. The extensive grounds were once inclosed, it is said, by a wall; but this has now disappeared, giving way to a plain fence, within which is a "circle," or circular drive, in front of the house. On either hand are brick out-houses. That on the right was the kitchen, and is still used for that purpose; the one on the left was the headquarters of the butler, and the "guard-house," though what the object of the Honorable Thomas Lee could have been in building a guard-house we are not informed.

To finish with these adjuncts to the main building—the guard-house and kitchen are both of ample size, and the latter contains a very large fireplace, great iron caldrons inclosed in brick, and facilities for cooking "for a small army." Beyond is seen the garden, and a large brick barn, and stables sufficient,

it has been asserted, to afford stalls for hundreds of horses, which is probably an exaggeration.

The main Stratford House is an extensive edifice, built of English "sun-dried" brick, and somewhat in the form of the letter H—two wings, as it were, connected by a middle building. The reception-rooms are on the second floor, above a high basement, and a flight of stone steps leads up to them, the front door being in the centre of the middle building. The main reception-room—an apartment about thirty feet square, and thirty feet in height—is decorated with elaborate wainscoting, carved in the style of the time of Louis XIV., and reaching about half-way to the ceiling, which is arched. There are fluted columns, and, at one time, these were gilded, a fact which may be ascertained by scratching off the paint with which they have been covered. A wide hall runs entirely through the house, terminating in porches—from one balcony a view was obtained formerly of the Maryland shore opposite, but this is now obstructed by the growth of the trees. In the wings and the basement are sleeping-rooms, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms—said by a fanciful visitor to be one hundred in number. The real number is said to be but seventeen. In these apartments the woodwork is ornamented with carving, and still in excellent preservation, after occupying its place for more than a century. No adjuncts of comforts and convenience are wanting. In addition to the large apartments in the basement of the building, there are pantries; cellars beneath; and, still deeper down, that important accessory of every Virginian house in the days of the old régime, the wine-cellars, over which presided that imposing functionary, the butler.

A striking feature of this singularly-designed mansion is the stack, or quadrangle, of chimneys surmounting each wing, and flanking an observatory. You ascend to these observatories by flights of stairs leading up from the second floor—there is no third floor—and the view is such as to well reward the visitor for his trouble. On one side presses up nearly to the house the dense, impenetrable forest, completely shutting out the prospect; but, on the other side, the eye ranges over the broad bosom of the Potomac—at this point a great and majestic river—and beyond is seen, in the distance, lost in a mellow haze, the long margin of the Maryland shore. You stand here, in the old observatory, thinking of the past, if you indulge the pleasures of the imagination; you revive the bright figures—the gay gallants and beautiful dames of the old, old time—and think that they, too, looked out on the great Potomac, laughing lightly, and uttering words which the winds have borne away—the winds of the eighteenth century.

Such is this remote and lonely old mansion, around which cluster so many historic and family memories. It has narrowly escaped, in addition, the interest attaching to a "secret tradition," as the romance-writers say. Many years ago a secret and entirely unknown room was discovered in the building—walled up on all sides, without windows or other opening, and accessible only by a

ladder let down through a trap-door. What this apartment was designed for is not known. In English houses such hidden retreats were often constructed to serve as places of concealment—but there never was any necessity for such in Virginia. No papers or other valuables were discovered in this room—it was entirely empty—and "romance" has therefore nothing whatever to go upon; conjecture ranges freely at its own wild will.

No part of the extensive Stratford House Manor is now, I believe, in possession of the family of its former owner. The house is occupied by a hospitable lady, who greets you with cordial courtesy. One other memorial of its former residents remains, however—the ruined vault of the family. This stands on a knoll not far from the house, and here are said to have been buried Richard Lee, the founder of the family in Virginia, his wife, and many of his descendants. The vault is now entirely in ruins, fallen in and filled with débris. At some distance, among a clump of bushes, lies a weather-stained slab, which is said to have once closed the entrance to the vault. Upon the slab is this inscription:

"HERE LIES BURIED THE  
HON'BLE THOMAS LEE,  
WHO DYED NOV. 14, 1730,  
AGED 60 YEARS,  
AND HIS BELOVED WIFE,  
MRS. HANNAH LEE:  
SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
JANUARY 25, 1749.  
THEIR MONUMENT IS ERECTED IN THE  
LOWER CHURCH OF WASHINGTON PARISH,  
5 MILES ABOVE THEIR COUNTRY-SEAT,  
STRATFORD HALL."

This stone, and a little dust buried under débris in the nearly-forgotten vault, are all that remains of Thomas Lee, the builder of Stratford House.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

## MISS WHITELAKE'S DIAMONDS.

I.

AT the time of the remarkable occurrences about to be related, I resided with my uncle, Harrison Burche, Esq., of Fairfield. I had gone to that place to engage in the practice of law, and cheerfully accepted an invitation to make his house my home.

My uncle's family consisted of himself and wife, one son, Giles, and a young lady, Miss Hattie Whitelake, who was an orphan ward.

Giles was near my own age, and proved to be very congenial companion. In personal appearance he was quite prepossessing, being tall, well formed, graceful in manner, and handsome in face. His mental qualities were in accord with the attractiveness of his person, and we passed many pleasant hours together.

Miss Whitelake was a blue-eyed, golden-haired beauty, whom I set down at first sight as

a charming person. A more mature acquaintance confirmed my impressions, and it is easy to imagine what happened. I fell desperately in love with her before we had known each other a month. I soon declared my love, and had the inexpressible joy of learning that it was returned. There was one little drawback, however, to my bliss. Hattie often expressed a certain want of trust in humanity that was annoying in one of her age; and coupled with it was a dismal fashion of looking too much on the bad side of affairs. These unfortunate traits were first formed by occurrences in her early experience among strangers, which are unnecessary to relate. It is sufficient for us to know that they existed; and I may add that I had good cause to remember them for many a day.

My uncle favored our love-making, and so Hattie and I were engaged to be married, and the wedding was to take place soon after she became of lawful age, which would be in a little more than a year from that time.

The year rolled smoothly and quietly away. No event of any special consequence marked its passage, excepting that, as Hattie's twenty-first birthday approached, there was a bustle of preparation to celebrate the event by a grand entertainment to her friends.

She desired to have, for this occasion, some new jewels, and I accompanied her to Clearport, our nearest city, to look up the coveted articles. Her choice fell on some magnificent diamonds—a breastpin, ear-rings, and necklace, of unique pattern and exquisite workmanship. The purchase was delayed, however, because their cost was greater than the amount she had expected to expend, and, although she was quite rich enough to afford them, it was thought best by both of us to consult with her guardian again before deciding. So we went back without the diamonds.

After due consultation, she concluded to take them, and, as my uncle would have occasion to go to Clearport on other business before they would be needed, he was commissioned to get them.

I was absent from home most of the time intervening before the birthday, and, on my return, found that my uncle had been to Clearport and brought home the diamonds.

The birthday-festival passed off much as such things usually do. Nothing occurred that requires mention in this narrative. A few days afterward, however, a series of troubles commenced of the most extraordinary and perplexing character. Hattie left home to be absent a month in the country, and, having little use for her jewels, and besides not thinking it quite safe to have such valuables about her when out of town, she gave them into my care until her return. I immediately locked them up in my office-safe. The next day I had a sudden call to business in Clearport, and was absent about three weeks. On my return I was surprised to find Hattie at home again. She had become tired of the country sooner than she had expected.

A few evenings after, we had invitations to a fashionable gathering, and Hattie wished to wear her diamonds. I went to my safe to get them, and, to my inexpressible astonishment and dismay, they were not to be found!

There was no sign of the slightest disturbance in the safe. The lock was in perfect order, and, being of the "combination" or dial kind, could not have been picked. The only known way to get it open was by turning the dial to certain numbers in a definite order. I had told no one how I had set it when I left home, and there was scarcely one chance in a million that anybody had guessed it.

I was sure that no one outside of my uncle's family had known of my having the diamonds, and yet, whoever had committed the burglary, appeared to have them alone in view, for there were other valuables in the safe which were left untouched. These valuables were bonds belonging to several clients who had intrusted them to me for safe keeping, and were payable to "the bearer." This fact increased the mystery. Jewels which might be easily identified had been taken, and money left behind which would have been infinitely less likely to lead to the detection of the thief.

Had the diamonds been my own, the loss would have been bad enough; under the then existing circumstances, it was a thousand times worse. My situation was horrible. Nobody had seen me put them in the safe, and, even had that been the case, I had no proof of not having taken them out again myself. I had no thought that any of my friends would for a moment suspect me of such infamous rascality as having had any thing to do with their disappearance, but you may imagine my dreadful embarrassment at the loss when I could account for it in no way at all; when my story would be entitled to belief only on account of my hitherto good character.

The most positive indication of my innocence which I could possibly have given, would have been to at once replace the diamonds, or insist on making good the loss; but alas! my entire possessions were not sufficient to pay more than half their value, if that.

All the family were, of course, greatly astonished at what had happened, but Hattie took it very coolly, and, seeing my anxiety, begged me not to worry about the misfortune, and did all she could to enforce her precept. The matter was talked over and over, however, until the novelty and wonder wore away, and then it rested.

A week or more had elapsed after discovering the robbery, when I was again called to Clearport, where I remained several days. On my return, a new development awaited me. This was a second occurrence, as mysterious as the first, and as hopelessly inexplicable.

## II.

On the day after I came home from Clearport I found the diamonds. And where did I find them, think you? Why, in exactly the same place from which they had so mysteriously disappeared a few weeks before. I went to my safe to get out a paper, and there were the jewels, case and all, just as I had received them from Hattie, and just as I had locked them up for her with my own hands.

We were all delighted to have them back again, you may be sure; but the mystery

continued to be as perplexing as ever, or, indeed, more so. Whoever had stolen the diamonds either repented afterward, or else restored them from fear of being found out. But who was the thief? and how had he gotten twice into my safe?

Annoying as these questions were, I had yet the great satisfaction of feeling that whoever was at the bottom of the affair, I at least was cleared from the remotest suspicion of wrong-doing. Short-sighted mortals! Could I have foreseen at that time the new troubles these abominable jewels were soon to bring upon me, I should, doubtless, have wished they had sunk to the bottom of the sea, instead of having reappeared in my strong box.

I have omitted to mention that just before the loss of the diamonds my marriage with Hattie had been postponed for another year. The reasons for it were comparatively unimportant, and may be summed up by saying that I did not feel quite ready to marry. Hattie was very willing to wait, especially as we could see each other so often.

Before the first half of this year had gone, I made an unpleasant discovery. Giles Burche was learning to think too much of Hattie Whitelake. He knew of her engagement, and, although I could not say positively that he was endeavoring to supplant me, I had good reason to believe it. Not a word was spoken, but Giles soon perceived my suspicions. We understood each other, and from that time the breach between us widened until cold, formal politeness took the place of our friendship. Hattie noticed this, of course, and several times asked the reason. I was then jealous enough to believe she only affected ignorance, and stubbornly avoided an answer.

Matters had gone on in this way for a month, when Hattie went to Clearport, saying she had some little affairs of business to look after, and would be home again in a couple of days. She did not return as promised, but instead there came a letter from her to me. When I received it I had a secret misgiving that something had gone wrong, but was utterly unprepared for what was to come. It was a dreadful letter; how dreadful you shall see for yourself:

"MR. ARTHUR BURCHE—

"SIR: It becomes my painful duty to tell you that since I left home, a few days ago, I have found out something about the *burglary* that occurred some time ago, which makes it necessary for me to break off our engagement at once. I perhaps ought not say any thing more, yet I feel that I must tell you how I found out your villainy.

"A week or two ago I read something in a newspaper about how artificial diamonds were made, and the article wound up with an anecdote about a lady who had been so cleverly deceived by her own husband that she had worn false diamonds for years, and never would have known any better if it had not been for an accident. After I read this I began to wonder if the diamonds I have now were the same ones I had given you to keep. I didn't want to suspect you, but the more I tried to drive away the thought of it, the more it haunted me, until I said to my

self, 'I'll go up to Clearport and have my diamonds examined, just to be rid of my foolish, wicked thoughts about Arthur.' I had no idea of what I was to learn; it was a dreadful discovery, but it is well for me that I made it in time. *My diamonds are all counterfeits.* But why should I tell you, who already know all about it? I got back from my country visit a little too soon for you. It is all as plain to me now as it has been all along to you. I understand how the diamonds got out of your safe, why you had 'business' in Clearport the day after I went to the country, and how my jewels happened to be found again in such a strange way.

"But enough; vilely as you have deceived me, I will not betray you. I will keep your secret as long as I live. In return, I ask you to go away from Fairfield. Invent any excuse you can, and spare me the pain of ever meeting you hereafter. I shall stay here a month, and then hope to hear that you have done what I ask.

"H. W."

As soon as I recovered from the shock this fearful letter gave me, I naturally cast about in my mind for some means of escape from the toils which had been thrown around me in such a mysterious manner, but I could not think of the least clew that would lead me out. The diamonds might possibly have been counterfeits when they left the hands of the jewelers, but, from the reputation of the firm, I could hardly suspect them, or think they would have risked their credit even if disposed to be dishonest; and, had I believed them guilty of fraud, I had no more ability to prove it than I had to show how the jewels had disappeared from my custody. All the facts in the case pointed to but one conclusion in my mind. Some one had managed, in some way I could not guess, to get the diamonds out of my safe during my absence, and had substituted false ones to conceal the robbery. The robber had evidently been delayed in carrying out his scheme, but finally completed it in the hope that the jewels had not been missed, or that, if they had, the trick would not be suspected when they reappeared. But who was the thief? Circumstances undeniably pointed to me, and I had no proof to give that would show my innocence.

Only one resource remained—to throw myself back on my honor. I thought at first of going immediately to see Hattie, but I doubted if she would receive me, and so concluded to write instead. Her answer killed all hope: "I could not trust you after what has happened. Unless I know that you are innocent, we can never meet again." I now believed that my jealousy had been well founded. After this peremptory refusal to even discuss the matter, I began to think that Hattie wished to be rid of me, and was glad of so good excuse for breaking our engagement.

Nothing was now left for me to do but to leave Fairfield. I told my uncle that Hattie and I disagreed. He anxiously inquired the cause. I told him that must be known only to Hattie and myself. He was very reluctant to hear to my going away, and insisted on interposing his kind offices, but I felt that they would be of no use; and, besides, my

pride was now so stung that I did not want a reconciliation. So I left him, to travel a month or two, determining that I would after that settle in or near Clearport, and devote all the time and energy I could spare to unravelling the dreadful mystery of the diamonds.

### III.

I RESUME my story at a period about three months subsequent to the events narrated in the last chapter. I had found some relief from my troubles in the excitements of travel, and then carried out my determination of locating in Clearport. I had quitted Fairfield in such a distracted state of mind that I did not feel as if I could consult with any one, or make any arrangements for professional assistance. You may think it strange I should have delayed so long, but the truth is that, appearances being so strong against me, I shrank from laying open my case to any one even in a professional way. I had another good reason, too, for my delay. Soon after I left Fairfield, a suspicion dawned on my mind of who the criminal might be. I actually dreaded the idea of proving this suspicion to be correct, for the person I had fixed on was my cousin, Giles Burche. And, if it should be he, I felt that I would rather keep the matter in my own hands. I am afraid I felt too much like screening him from justice if he should be found guilty, but I reasoned that it would be bad enough in this case to show who was the thief to those who must know it. With such a one as Giles, I felt that the punishment of exposure to his friends would be severe enough, and that he could be, perhaps, reclaimed by such a mild measure, while harsher ones would hurry him to destruction.

While I was thinking out a plan of action, I had an invitation to go to Four Oaks to meet a friend. Four Oaks was a little village on the line of railway running from Clearport to Fairfield. It was only an hour's ride from the former place, and I went down early in the morning, expecting to return late in the evening. But my friend and I had so much to talk about that I agreed to remain overnight. He having business that separated us for a couple of hours in the evening, I set out alone for a stroll. The weather was delightful, and the fresh country air tempted me to prolong my walk beyond the bounds of the village. I wandered on until the shades of night began to fall, reminding me that it was time to retrace my steps. I was just on the point of turning about, when something caught my eye that caused me to hurry forward instead. The road I had chosen ran parallel with the railroad, and, from the point I had reached, I could see the lines of iron stretching far out into the distance. A little way ahead of me one of the rails appeared to have lost its mate. The line was unbroken on the one side; on the other it had disappeared. When I came up to the place, my worst fears were realized. A piece of timber, bridging a narrow culvert, had become unsound, and partially given way under the last train that had passed over, and the rail had been so broken that the next one must inevitably been thrown from the track. The damage must have been

done by the hindmost car of a freight-train, and the jar, strange to say, have been so slight that no one aboard had noticed it.

I knew very little about the running of the trains, and, while I was gone to give warning of the danger, one of them might meet with destruction. I thought of an expedient. I would kindle a fire beside the track, that would be a sure signal that something was wrong. I had a case of matches in my pocket, and there was some dry fencing near which promised material for the fire. But I lacked kindling. The only resource was to whittle off enough splinters for the purpose with my pocket-knife. I was just about to commence my work, when I heard a sound which seemed to freeze my blood. It was the low, faint thunder of an approaching train. On the side where I stood the road-bed was level with the earth; on the opposite side it was supported by an embankment twenty feet high. The rail nearest the precipice was the one that had been broken.

Louder and louder grew the sullen roar of the wheels, and yet I was so paralyzed with terror that I could not move. I do not know how long I stood thus; it seemed an age. At last I recovered myself, and rushed forward to do what I could to save the train. It was now so near that I had not ran more than a few hundred yards before it came in sight. I still rushed forward, now shouting and throwing up my arms. On came the train under full speed, and no sign was given that I had been seen or heard. In a few moments it would reach me. Mustering all my strength I made one last grand effort. "Stop for your life!" I shouted, as the engine flew past me.

I was heard! Quick and sharp came the whistle for brakes. In a moment more a shower of sparks was flying from the track, and I knew that the engine had been reversed. The speed of the train was now checked a little; could it yet be saved? A moment of unutterable suspense and horror followed. Too late! The momentum carried it on to the fatal place, and headlong it went down over the steep embankment.

I will not distress you with the horrors I saw when I made my way back to the culvert. There were plenty of uninjured passengers to care for the wounded until help arrived, and, glad to escape from the scene, I set out as fast as my limbs would carry me toward Four Oaks. As I neared the village I was fortunate enough to meet two men on horseback, who, of course, immediately turned about to give the alarm. The people were soon aroused, and hurried to the wreck with hand-cars and wagons, and the removal of the dead and wounded to Four Oaks was commenced with all possible expedition. Three persons had been killed outright, and a dozen or more seriously injured. I remained at the station, anxiously watching to see if any one of my acquaintances was among the sufferers. My vague fears were realized. My cousin Giles was one of the dangerously wounded.

Under other circumstances I do not suppose I could have brought myself to treat him with even common civility, but when I saw him lying before me senseless, and perhaps dying, my hard thoughts melted away, and I was ready to do what I could for him to the uttermost. I procured the most com-

fortable quarters I could and the best medical attendance, and then, of course, sent for his parents. They arrived the next morning and found Giles delirious. A severe blow on the head had stunned him, and, as consciousness returned, a raging fever set in. For many days and nights we watched the struggle between Life and Death. When the crisis came that was to decide the battle, Life gained the victory. Giles fell into a peaceful slumber, and awoke saved.

When I went in to see him the next day his wan face lighted up with a smile, and as soon as I got near enough he reached out his thin, white hand, saying: "Arthur, my dear old boy, how can I ever thank you? Mother has told me all—you saved my life."

## IV.

For the first eight or ten days after the fever had gone, Giles remained so weak that he was unable to converse beyond a few words at long intervals. During this time I was frequently in his room, and he always appeared to be pleased to see me. Here was a new puzzle. Day after day he welcomed me in a manner so confiding, and with a look so innocent, that I began to doubt if it were possible that he could be guilty of the crime with which he stood charged in my mind. Could it be, I asked myself, that one who looked so fair should be so unutterably foul? Yet I had weighty reasons for believing that Giles was the man who had stolen the diamonds.

I continued in this bewildered state until Giles himself threw a weight into the scales that turned them for the second time against him. As soon as he was able to speak at all in more than monosyllables, he said to me: "Arthur, I have done you a wrong. I am too weak yet to tell you more. I have tried to look so you would know that I wanted to be at peace with you." I now believed, of course, that Giles alluded to his endeavor to supplant me in the affections of Miss Whitelake; I believed, further, that he had something to tell me about the loss of the diamonds. How far I was right you will very soon discover, as I had not long to wait for my cousin's revelations.

A few days after he had first named the matter he felt strong enough to tell me what was on his mind. It was still hard work for the poor fellow to talk, but he seemed so intent on telling his story that I could not prevail on him to wait, and, to tell the truth, I was so overpowered by the desire to hear it that I made but a feeble show of resistance. He had evidently arranged that our interview should have no witnesses, for we were left alone very soon after I came in.

"Arthur," he began, "you know what I want to tell you about?"

"Yes," said I.

He smiled faintly and nodded, and then, after a little pause, resumed: "I was a very great villain, Arthur, to do as I did. But it seemed to me I couldn't help loving her. I parted you two, but I mean to bring you together again. Hattie never did care any thing for me, after all. I found that out the day before I left Fairfield, and was on my way to see you and tell you to come back, when I was stopped by the accident."

He paused now as though he had finished, and looked for me to make some reply. Human nature could no longer resist. Right or wrong, I would make a bold stroke.

"Never mind about that now," said I; "tell me about the diamonds."

Giles looked puzzled—as though he did not know why I had asked the question—but promptly replied, with a smile:

"Ah, you guessed it was I who took them! It was."

"But how," I persisted, "did you get them?"

With an air of surprise, as though he supposed that, by guessing one part of the riddle, I had discovered all, he replied:

"Why, I bit on the right figures to open your lock."

He paused to rest, and I had time to reflect on his singular behavior. I found myself losing patience. Instead of waiting to hear a full explanation of how the safe had been opened—how he had managed to find out the combination on which I had locked it—I interrupted him with, "Come, come, Giles, I am ready to forgive you all the wrong you have done me, but I don't like to hear you speak so lightly and unconcernedly about so dreadfully serious a thing."

Once more the puzzled look came into his face, and he said:

"I don't quite understand you."

At this I could contain myself no longer.

"How can you talk so, Giles," I cried, "after robbing Hattie, and then suffering me to be branded as the thief?"

"For Heaven's sake, Arthur," he rejoined, "what do you mean?"

I was blind with indignation. I could not see the mischief I was doing.

"Mean," retorted I, with a sneer, as a new idea flashed into my mind, "I mean that you are a greater scoundrel than I thought you a moment ago. I understand you now. You thought I didn't know that Hattie's diamonds were never returned, and that you put back in their place only a vile imitation!"

I shall never forget the look of horror and dismay that Giles gave me, as I finished. His eyes rested on me but a moment; he gave a short gasp for breath; a deathly pallor crept over his face, and, for a moment or two, I thought I had killed him.

I, of course, lost no time in calling for help. My cousin lay for some time in a death-like swoon, but by-and-by began slowly to revive. As soon as I saw this I quietly withdrew, for fear the sight of me might do fresh damage.

That night Giles was again very ill. I was overpowered by anxiety and stricken by remorse. My troubles were intensified by my solicitude to learn the remainder of the story I had so rashly interrupted. If Giles should die now, I might never hear it, and would then be left more hopelessly in the dark than before.

## V.

My worst fears for Giles were happily not realized. In a few days I had the intense satisfaction of knowing that he was again out of danger. I dared not risk another in-

terview until there was no chance of a second relapse; and, as the best way of avoiding it, left Four Oaks for home. Giles made anxious inquiries for me, but I refused to return until the doctor assured his mother that it would be safe. I then went down. I had scarcely got into my cousin's room, when he asked his other friends to retire, and at once commenced on the old subject, by saying:

"Arthur, do you believe that I could do such a thing as you accused me of the last time I saw you?"

I was silent. I really did not know what reply to make.

Giles looked at me with painful anxiety expressed in every feature of his countenance.

"I see you doubt me," he continued; "and you have a right to; but I declare most solemnly that I took the diamonds only for a jest, and that, for all I know, I put them back again. If false ones were put in their place, it must have been done while I had them in my desk. However that may be, I swear to you I am innocent."

He looked so distressed and so honest that all my sympathies were moved for him.

"Giles," I cried, "I would fain believe you, and I will try hard to do it. Let me hear all your story from the beginning."

"Well, you know you got your safe not long before the diamonds were bought."

"Yes."

"And don't you remember that we had quite an argument about the new lock? You said it could not possibly be opened by anybody unless he knew the figures on which it had been set, and I said I believed that, by practice, one might feel a little jar in the knob when the stops inside fell into their places, and so open it without knowing anything about the figures."

"Yes."

"Well, you were so set in your notion, that I secretly resolved to try and prove you were wrong, if I could. When you got the diamonds, it came into my head that it would be a good joke to take them out of the safe. I was alone in your office long enough to try my experiment the very evening after you locked them up, and I succeeded. I intended to tell you that evening, but something prevented, and the next morning you went away before I had a chance to see you. I then had time to think about what I had done, and the jest began to look rather serious. It came to my mind that, if you were ever robbed afterward in earnest, I might be suspected of doing it. The more I thought about it, the more risky and foolish did my joke appear to be, and I determined to put the diamonds back, and say nothing about what I had done.

As you took the key of your office away with you, I had no chance to get in while you were gone, and none when you came back, until after the loss had been discovered. The hubbub made about it frightened me a little, and I saw more clearly than ever what a fool I had been. I suppose I ought to have told you then, but I didn't, and, by some strange fatality, you were busy every day in your office at the only time I could be there. As the matter wouldn't be made any worse, I waited for my chance, and

got the diamonds back in the safe the evening before you went away on your second journey. Again I swear to you that I took them only for a joke, and, for aught I know to the contrary, put them back again just as I had found them."

Giles's story was straightforward enough, but, much as I was inclined to give him the benefit of my doubts, it was far from clearing him of suspicion. Not very long after the robbery, I had heard that the new locks had been so readily opened on several occasions in the way described by Giles, that the inventor had added an attachment to overcome the unlooked-for danger. Giles had doubtless heard of this also, and, knowing that I could scarcely forget the talk we had had about the lock when I first got my safe, he would naturally suppose that he might be suspected. It was just from these two things, in fact, that my suspicion of him had been aroused. And when I charged him with the robbery, might he not have felt so sure that I had some positive evidence against him, that he chose this clever way of escaping? The case looked very bad for him.

"Giles," said I, after I had revolved the matter over and over in my mind, "where did you keep the diamonds all the time they were in your possession?"

"In a drawer in my desk, which I kept locked all the time," he replied.

"Did you ever look at them during that time?"

"Yes, nearly every day, to see if they were safe."

These answers were given so frankly that, considering the very damaging character of the admissions they contained, they favored a belief in my cousin's innocence. But the stubborn fact remained that, if he had watched the diamonds as closely as he admitted, it would have been next to impossible for any one to have had them out without his knowledge, much less to have been able to keep them long enough to have substituted counterfeits for the genuine.

We talked the matter over again and again, without any further result. I could only tell Giles that I did not know what to think, and that I hoped to be able to prove him innocent. With that I left him, and, by the first train afterward, returned to Clearport.

#### VI.

I now determined to do what I perhaps ought to have done at the first, namely, give my case into the hands of a well-practised detective. By a little inquiry, I learned that one Fabius Kraff was considered the most skillful man in this line to be found in Clearport, and to him I accordingly went. I found Mr. Kraff to be a singular compound of youthfulness and experience. He was small and thin, and not very attractive in appearance, and, though apparently not over twenty-five years old, had the manners of a man of forty. His gray eyes were keen and penetrating, and he had such a decided thief-taking air about him that I at once felt sure he was a proper person for my task.

I told my story as briefly as possible, and he listened with the closest attention. As

soon as I had finished, he expressed a lively interest in the case, and asked why I had not come to him at the first. I explained my motives, and made a condition that any discoveries he might make should be kept strictly between ourselves until I should otherwise direct. Mr. Kraff assented, but continued to lament the loss of time.

"Delays are dangerous, sir," he said; "delays spoil many a good case, and it's mighty likely you've spoiled this one by waiting so long."

He was willing enough, however, to undertake it, and said he would do his best. After questioning me closely concerning all the particulars, and making a few notes in his memorandum-book, Mr. Kraff promised that he would immediately set to work, and would let me hear from him as soon as he had any thing definite to say. I then left him.

The day after this interview, I received a note from the detective, which ran as follows:

"Can you tell me the name of the party that said the diamonds were not diamonds?"

I could not, and replied to that effect. Mr. Kraff wrote again, saying that it was important for him to know, and he would like me to inquire of Miss Whitelake. I wondered why he asked me to do this, instead of seeing or writing her himself, and it was with a great deal of reluctance that I undertook to comply. After what had passed between Hattie and myself, it was a hard task to approach her again, and it was only after spoiling three or four sheets of paper that I got a letter at all in shape to suit me. I wrote thus:

"MISS WHITELAKE—

"I am still pursuing my inquiries regarding the loss of your diamonds. The officer who is assisting me wishes the address of the person who pronounced your jewels counterfeit. Will you oblige by forwarding it to—

"Yours respectfully,  
ARTHUR BURCHE."

In due course I received the following answer:

"DEAR MR. BURCHE—

"I have long wished to take back what I once said to you, but both pride and shame have kept me from it. My conscience would have forced me to it sooner or later, I hope, but I am so glad you have helped me, by your note, to do it now. You know my dreadful disposition to doubt everybody. I repent it bitterly, and I am heartily sorry I ever doubted you, for I feel sure now that you had nothing to do with the loss of the diamonds. Forgive me for ever suspecting you."

"As nobody knows that I accused you of taking them, and as I am now perfectly satisfied that you did not, there is no need to go to any more trouble about them. Indeed, I would much rather you should not. I think I now really know the one that is to blame, and if I am right it will be better for us not to see it proved."

"Again I ask you to forget what has happened, and believe me to be

"Your friend,  
HATTIE."

This letter gave me an entirely new suspicion. After charging me with an infamous crime, why did Miss Whitelake want me to stop in my efforts to clear myself? Might it not be that she herself had invented the whole story about the falsification of the diamonds in order to break off our engagement? Badly as I had been treated by Hattie, I had never before suspected her for an instant of any greater fault than the one which has already been repeatedly mentioned, and I was horror-stricken at the new turn that the mystery of the diamonds had taken in my mind.

I hurried to Mr. Kraff and showed him the letter. He smiled and said, in a confidential way, that it was just the kind of an answer he had expected; and I then understood why this wily man had got me to question Miss Whitelake instead of doing it himself.

"You see a little way into this?" queried he.

"You suspect that Miss Whitelake's story is not true," I replied.

"It may be true and it may not," he answered, with characteristic caution, "and our first business is to find that out."

"The only reason I know for inventing the story," said I, "would have been to get rid of me. Is it possible she should do such a thing when there was no need of it; when she could have accomplished her wishes without it?"

"Almost any thing is possible," replied Mr. Kraff, "but it won't do to be too sure of what is and what isn't. There might have been a need of doing it according to her way of thinking, and there might not. Had she a fancy to any other young man besides you?"

"Not that I know, unless it was my cousin Giles, and he says she never cared anything about him."

Mr. Kraff knitted his brows a little at this, and then fell to rubbing his forehead gently, as though that was his customary way of developing ideas. He soon rubbed out a conclusion.

"It might have been," said he, "that she had some strong reason for wanting to marry this gentleman you speak of, and still liked you a great deal better all the time. Well, if you had stayed where she was, she might not have been able to keep up her resolution, and the only safe plan was to get you away and keep you away."

My distress at this confirmation of my suspicions showed so plainly in my face that the detective immediately added:

"Wait a little, Mr. Burche—wait a little; we don't know any thing about the case yet."

His words encouraged me. A new gleam of hope came into my mind for the woman I had once loved so dearly.

"If Miss Whitelake went to the length you suppose possible to get rid of me," said I, "why should she afterward refuse my cousin when he wanted to marry her?"

"If she did refuse him," replied Mr. Kraff, "that can be answered easy enough. She might have repented, or maybe your cousin wasn't the man in the case after all."

My heart sank again. At that moment I

felt I would rather be suspected all my life of being a thief than to find out that Hattie Whitelake herself was the author of my trouble. After an assurance of further active investigation from Mr. Kraff I left him, and went home more thoroughly distressed about the mystery of the diamonds than I had ever been before.

## VII.

DURING the next two weeks I heard nothing from Mr. Kraff, and, though I called several times at his office, could never find him at home.

About the end of that time he telegraphed me from Fairfield, saying, "Come down tomorrow, if you possibly can."

You may be sure that, when the morrow came, I obeyed the call.

The detective met me at the station, and, in reply to my eager question of "What news?" said he had some, but he could not tell me just then.

"Let us go to your uncle's," he added; "we can talk it over there, and I hope straighten matters all up."

This dispelled the lingering doubts I had in regard to Kraff's discoveries. It was plain to me now that Miss Whitelake was guilty. The mystery, before so impenetrable, was now as clear to my mind as day. And yet the more certain I became of the solution the more I dreaded to have it proved. In spite of all that had happened, I had never been able to fully rid myself of my old attachment. Already I began to frame excuses for Hattie, and to feel that, if she would freely confess her fault, I would be fully ready to forgive her. I dreaded the idea of seeing her humiliated before a stranger, and begged Kraff to let me take the matter in my own hand again.

"You recollect that you didn't get along so well with it before by yourself, don't you?" he asked.

I had to acknowledge that I did.

"Well, you had better let me have it my way a little longer, or you'll be sure to spoil it again."

I felt that I could not help myself, and, as we had nearly reached my uncle's house, I passively submitted to what appeared inevitable.

When our ring was answered, Mr. Kraff gave his name only, and asked for Mr. Burche.

We were shown into the familiar library, and in a few minutes my uncle made his appearance. He was glad to see me, but evidently surprised, especially as Mr. Kraff was an entire stranger to him. After an introduction, we all chatted a little about commonplace affairs. Mr. Kraff seemed in no hurry to introduce his business, but calmly awaited a favorable pause. He took advantage, however, of the first one that offered.

"Mr. Burche," said he, addressing my uncle, "I have come to see you about a little matter that's rather unpleasant, and, as it ought to be a strictly private one, may I bolt the door?"

With much surprise, my uncle assented.

The detective continued:

"You remember, of course, that some diamonds belonging to Miss Whitelake, a young

friend of yours, turned up missing a year or so ago, and then were found again in a curious sort of way. Well, Miss Whitelake said afterward that the diamonds that came back were not the real article, and she thought that this gentleman, my client, was the person who stole them. It was a very mixed-up case, but I think I have it all untwisted now. There's only a trifling difficulty remaining, which I think you can settle for us."

Mr. Kraff paused; my uncle said not a word; I listened with breathless anxiety for what was to come next.

The detective's voice was a little firmer than before when he resumed:

"Mr. Burche, appearances are deceitful things, but I got ahead of them after all. Mr. Harrison Burche, you are the man that stole the diamonds!"

"Great Heaven! can it be?" I groaned.

My uncle made no reply, but sat stock-still in his chair, a picture of helpless misery.

"I see you are not disposed to contradict what I say," resumed Mr. Kraff, "but it will be better to have a fair understanding of this case while we're all together here. We'll have a little private trial among ourselves, which may save the trouble of going to court. I'll be the witness, and this young gentleman shall be the judge and jury. My evidence is, that a year or so ago, Miss Whitelake asked you to get her a certain set of diamonds from Messrs. Harley and Brother, jewelers, of Clearport. You bought them on or about the first day of May, A. D. 18—. On the same day you took these same diamonds to Monsieur Cambre, of the city aforesaid, and engaged him to take them out of their settings and put back a first-class imitation in place. He finished the job according to order, and, on the 15th day of May, you brought the counterfeit diamonds to this town, and handed them over to Miss Whitelake, making believe, of course, that they were the real ones she had seen and asked you to get. Monsieur Cambre did not know you, but he remembered about the jewelry, and described the man that brought it. I managed to get a good picture of you to show him, and he says you are the party.—Mr. Judge," asked the detective, turning to me, "what do you think of the evidence?"

My uncle saved me the trouble of answering.

With a sudden effort he roused himself from his desperate calmness, and pleaded:

"Spare me, Arthur; I am guilty!"

My horror and indignation began to give way to pity for the wretched man before me.

"I was so strongly tempted by need of money," he continued, "you cannot tell how strongly; I've repented bitterly enough, but I never was able to make restitution."

We at once sent for Hattie.

She was, of course, surprised, but evidently glad to see me again. I proceeded immediately to tell her what had passed between my uncle and myself.

"It is true, Hattie," he faltered; "I am guilty!"

"I am not much surprised," said she, "for I have more than half suspected you for some time."

I was fully vindicated.

Now, what was to be done with the criminal?

We, of course, shrank from the idea of handing him over to the officers of the law, and any misgivings we might have had in regard to our duty were quieted by the reflection that in his case remorse and exposure had already inflicted all the punishment that would be of any use. We agreed to bury his secret with ourselves. No one else knew of it, for even Cambre had heard no names, or any particulars of the case, and would likely never see my uncle again if the latter did not put himself in the way.

But little more remains to be told. You will readily imagine that, after the mystery of the diamonds had been solved, I had a strong disposition to make up with Hattie, and, as she had long before repented of having doubted me, I had no trouble in regaining my former place in her favor.

My uncle left Fairfield with his family soon after his guilt was discovered, and we never saw him again. He died in a few years after leaving his old home.

In due time Hattie Whitelake became Mrs. Arthur Burche. With this important event my story ends.

JOHN H. SNIVELY.

## LILIE.

I MET a young girl's face to-day,  
As starlight soft and tender,  
Yet touched as if in fiery play  
By sunlight's mystic splendor.

And, gazing on that forehead white,  
Those strange, dark eyes before me,  
In one great burst of sudden light,  
The past, like heaven, shone o'er me!

I saw my own first love again,  
In all her grace and sweetness,  
Without one line of care or pain  
To mark their mild completeness.

O child! no purer love than mine,  
In God's all-gracious seeing,  
Could gird with glory half divine  
Your heart, your fate, your being!

The daughter of my soul you seem,  
Incarnate music, breathing air,  
The creature of some raptured dream,  
Benignly fond and fair.

PAUL HAYNE.

## BJÖRNSEN, THE NORWEGIAN NOVELIST.

NORWAY is about to lose the greatest, most brilliant, and versatile poet and novelist she has ever produced, the Rev. Dr. Björnson, whom the insufficient compensation his works have found in his native land is about to send to America.

This eminent man, whose works for twenty years past have excited admiration, not only in his own northern country, but throughout the civilized world, was born in the village of Trefjen, near Christiania, on the 12th of August, 1830. His father was a poor village school-master and sexton, who was hardly able to provide bread for his numerous family of children. Börnsterne Björnson was his youngest child, who, from his birth, displayed extraordinary intellectual abilities.

Björnson has told us, in his charming autobiography, "Something about my Life," how, in his twelfth year, he pored over a well-thumbed old copy of Horace, and how he knew the first book of the "Iliad" by heart. The fame of his precocious scholarship finally reached the ears of the Baron von Åargren, a wealthy landed proprietor, who offered to give the poor sexton's brilliant boy a classical education—an offer which young Björnson's father accepted with thankful eagerness.

The boy was sent to the Lyceum of Christiania, where, although he was but fourteen years of age, he was at once placed among the scholars of the first class, not a few of whom were already upward of twenty years of age.

Two years afterward, in 1847, he graduated, and was sent to the university of his native land to study theology and philology. In the following year, he went to Upsala, in Sweden, where he competed successfully for the grand prize in classical literature.

The one thousand rix-dollars which the young Norwegian student received in consequence, enabled him to make a two years'

journey through Germany, France, and Italy. What he saw and heard and read during these two years ripened his poetical genius, and, upon his return to Christiania, in 1850, he published his first book, "Drusus," an epic, which elicited enthusiastic praise from the Norwegian critics, and which the then King of Sweden, Oscar I., admired so much that he bestowed a pastor's cure near Drontheim upon Björnson.

The poet took charge of this position in

cient lore of Norway, and rendered some of the most stirring episodes of the history of his native country in tales beautiful alike for their graceful, flowing style, the deep pathos of their sentiments, and the skill displayed in the grouping of events and the delineation of characters.

But, as time rolled on, Björnson began to feel ill at ease in the contracted sphere in which he had to move. As his family increased, the wretched stipend of two hundred

and fifty dollars which he received annually proved utterly inadequate for the necessities of his little household, and, in one of his novels written at that time, he exclaimed bitterly:

"Ah, how terrible it is for a man who longs to read good books to be unable to buy any!"

Notwithstanding the fame which Björnson enjoyed as a poet and novelist in Norway, and despite the fact that most of his books were translated, shortly after their appearance, into German, French, and English, he received little or no compensation for them, for book-readers are scarce in the land of the Norse, and few books are printed in larger editions than five hundred copies.

In 1860 Björnson went to Stockholm, and asked King Charles XV. for a more lucrative position. The king prided himself upon being a poet, but his was an essentially French mind. He wrote in Swedish, but thought and felt in the spirit of the nation of his grandfather, Bernadotte. In consequence, he disliked the male, vigorous tone of Björnson's books. He was also averse to the liberal and



BÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSEN.

1852, and shortly afterward married a Miss Wettern, the only daughter of a German actor.

At first Björnson took genuine delight in the performance of his new duties; the more so as his parsonage, although connected only with a very small village, was situated in one of the most beautiful and picturesque regions of Norway. As a natural consequence, idyllic romances flowed in quick succession, during this first and happy period, from the poet's fertile brain. He diligently studied the an-

independent attitude of the Norwegians in general; and so he treated Björnson coldly, and the latter returned, bitterly disappointed, to his small parsonage near Drontheim.

There he has lived ever since, struggling hard against poverty, cheered up by the applause of the world's critics, who now rank him among the foremost story-tellers of our age, until, in the autumn of 1872, he resolved to break loose from the fetters that attached him to his sterile native land, and to seek a new home in America.

For years past the Norwegian author had thought of this, and had carefully studied the English language, in which he is now said to be proficient enough to write it with great ease.

Early last spring he announced his purpose to emigrate to the United States, and, upon the advice of friends, he resolved to form a colony of Norwegian emigrants that would follow him to an eligible site in this country. This colony now numbers upward of seven hundred members, all of them temperate, strong, moral men, well provided with money, and containing the requisite elements for forming a model settlement.

At an early period in the current year, they intend to sail, in a vessel specially chartered for the occasion, from Gothenburg for New York. It is probable that they will settle in a body near Vineland, in New Jersey.

## PLEASANT ROOMS FOR GENTLEMEN.

v.

**T**HIE letter that was the motive of my fifth expedition, in my pretended search for apartments, was not one that promised a great deal, either by means of its text or its style.

I had extracted it from the pile of impossibles, and had placed it among the curious, simply on account of its abominable uncleanness and the general raggedness and unthrift of its appearance.

It was written with a pencil upon a half-sheet of very ordinary note-paper. The paper had clearly been separated from its fellow-sheet, first by having its fold softened (probably by some one's tongue), and then by a hasty tearing that had left an edge of sorry roughness. The pencil that had been used had plainly seen the best of its days. In some places the words were eked out with scratches of the wooden pointing, though most of the writing was of an uncertain gray. Here and there, however, there were a few letters in vivid black. Upon close examination, I discovered that these black places occurred at regular intervals, thus going to prove that the writer had reinforced the feeble and expiring lead with her lips at stated times, and had forced it to do duty for a few seconds more in spite of itself.

Moreover, the writing was all up-hill and down-dale, and was wretchedly poor and untaught at that. Capitals were used where emphasis was intended to be given, and misspelling was the rule wherever it was possible to misspell. From the number of soil-marks

that defaced the missive, and its envelope of whilom whiteness, it was easy to believe that it had been thrown upon the floor, and been danced upon by the entire household before it had been intrusted to the postman. In brief, I feel free to say that a more disreputable letter was never sent by one who asked for a favor, and yet there was to be noticed, in what it said, a certain anxiety that it might prove an efficacious invitation. It went thus:

"NEW YORK, August —, 18—.

"DEAR SIR: Noticed your ad—" (there was a long, crooked mark, intended to suggest, no doubt, the remainder of the word—"advertisement") "inn the news; i sitt down to git you to Come here and take a look at the Elegant Rooms we have to ofer. We hav got lots off thum, and you Can have yure pick. if any body has got a room that you sit yure hart on, i will turn them out nec and heells. You can come in tomorrow if you want too. there is gass and water.

"Yours, with grata Respect,

"—.

"Notice this—the door to git in by is in the stone-cort through the iron Gate, with lyons heads on the topp—number —, C—Street."

I followed this direction on the morning of the day succeeding that on which I had visited the orderly house in Ninth Street. The weather was pleasant. The air had lost all of its oppressive heat, and the temperature was like that of a day in spring.

The quarter of the city indicated by the postscript of the letter is not, as is well known to all New-Yorkers, one especially desirable as a place of residence for a person who loves quiet and retirement. It is a locality that has had its day, and whose polite history is now somewhat ancient. It is full of excellent, well-built, and finely-proportioned houses, and of corners and courts that must have been pleasant and dignified in their time, but upon whose precincts there has now fallen that blight of small shopkeepers and small manufacturers that always follows like an eddy in the wake of departing residents, and which is the forerunner of the tide of real merchants and traders.

The house-fronts are covered with innumerable signs and emblems of all sorts, shapes, and colors, and there project and hang from most of the windows certain banners and flags brilliantly lettered with the names and occupations of the artisans within. The lower floors are commonly altered into beer-cellars and cheap restaurants, while the second are converted into shops of various kinds, and into laundries and pawn-offices. The door-posts are generally covered with tin-signs, painted in the most gaudy fashion, and the doors generally stand gaping wide. People pass in and out so freely, and seem to lounge so at their own will and pleasure, that one fancies that it must be a holiday—and a holiday, too, in which all property and space are common. Children are innumerable, and there is also a vast number of pets, in durability and out. In at the open windows one sees shirt-sleeved turners, carvers, binders, bouchers, busy at their trades, and farther up

in the world imitation-flower makers, skirt-makers, and seamstresses. The noise made by the voices is something marvelous. Cries, salutations, laughter in all keys, greet the ear from all sides, and these, together with the almost perpetual jingle of car-bells, and the mellifluous notes of street-organs, the harsh cry and chaffer of the hucksters, stimulate one's spirits to a high pitch, and he must indeed be dull that cannot feel a somewhat pleasurable excitement when upon such a spot.

It was in the very midst of a place like this that I found the number of which I was in search.

The house happened to be one of a most remarkable and noticeable row of structures. It is composed of dwellings five stories in height, and they are very lofty. They are built upon a French plan, with an entrance-door in the centre of a dark, paved carriage-way, which runs through from the street to a broad court-yard in the rear. Their massive fronts are composed of brick and brownstone, and the windows are very long, and have heavy caps that overshadow them, and these assist materially in producing a substantial and dignified effect to the whole. They had originally been intended for a fine and wealthy class of tenants, but no doubt they had been erected too late to catch the flying birds, and so had fallen a prey to the inelegants that came after. I must say at once that my particular house seemed to be the most lost and forlorn of them all. Nearly all of its windows were open, and I saw two or three unkempt heads projected from them over the sidewalk, busily engaged in talking up or talking down from one another, as the case might be. The stone-work of the first story was covered with boys' hieroglyphics in chalk and crayon, and, hanging and twisting on and about some iron railings in front, was a number of urchins, who were trying hard, with many shrieks, to entangle themselves inextricably.

I entered the dark court, and, half blinded by the light which came in at the farther end, I felt about for a door.

I presently came to one. It was very large and massive. It had two wings finely ornamented and carved, opened inward upon huge hinges, and they were so accurately hung that the slightest touch caused them to swing. After waiting a moment to find some one to usher me to the office or to the parlor of the host, and not succeeding, I pushed my way in and found myself in a vast hall. It was almost circular, and at one side there was a pair of broad, winding stairs leading upward. Upon the right, and at a long distance from the floor, was a window of stained glass, through which poured a flood of colored light, which fell upon a bare and dusty floor.

From the left led two tall doors. These were made of richly-grained mahogany, and were divided into eight panels—and they had brazen knobs. They were a little concave in form, to suit the shape of the wall in which they were set.

I knocked at one of these doors. I received no answer. I knocked again. Then, without an instant's warning, it suddenly

opened, and there appeared before me, with his face almost touching mine, a tall, black-whiskered, black-eyed, and frowning Italian. He wore a black, wide-brimmed hat, a blue shirt, a velvet coat, and a pair of yellow velvet pantaloons. About his waist there was wound a scarlet sash, and he had gold rings in his ears. He looked at me. I asked for the mistress, but he made no reply, not even enough of a gesture to indicate that he heard me speak. He fixed his sharp, small eyes upon me, but not a muscle of his face moved. I persisted and explained, and then, seeing that I had produced no impression, I begged his pardon for the interruption. Still he did not move. I began to retire backward, feeling curiously at a disadvantage. I found the stairs by feeling behind me, and ascended them with feeling something like distress. I looked back only to find my villain still staring at me; and, after his eyes were shut out from my view by a turn in the way, I still saw his breast, and then his sash, and then his velveteens, and then his rough boots, placed at a sturdy angle, and looking quite as implacable as his head had. He doubtless was following me with his eyes as I disappeared, and probably dwelt upon my heels as I had upon his. Presently I heard his door slam-to, and I then felt free. At the head of these stairs was another circular hall-way similar to the one below, with this exception—it had one more door.

This door was open. It led into a lofty corridor, from which led several more doors. Two or three of these were open, and I heard the sound of voices and of clattering dishes, and of loud laughter, from within the apartments. Most of the conversation was in foreign tongues.

I hardly knew what to do. I did not care to trespass upon another's privacy if it could be avoided. In a moment my eyes fell upon a glass bell-pull, which was hanging half out of its socket. It had been placed in a mahogany casing, and the necessary holes had been roughly bored through the rich wood. I pulled the knob. A terrible clangor from somewhere in advance was the result.

From each of the open doors there at once appeared a head. Then the farthest door opened with a loud creak. No sooner was this heard than all the heads disappeared in a flash, and all the doors closed slowly and silently.

There then appeared in the hall a short woman with a vixen's face. She wore a red wrapper which completely enveloped her, and which trailed on the floor. Her hair was black, and it was caught up in a bob behind, and stuck through with enormous pins. She wore a gilt necklace, and she had rings on her fingers.

I advanced and declared myself.

"Oh, you're the man, are ye?" cried she, in the proper high-pitched vixen's voice. "Just come in here; this is the office."

She shot out her hand toward the apartment, and kept the position until I passed her. I entered what must have been in its day a grand old parlor. The ceiling was very high, and the wainscoting were of the same mahogany that was so lavishly bestowed upon the building. The cornices, to the

doors, were heavily carved, and a huge open fireplace, with a very elaborate mantel, occupied a large space upon one side.

But, whatever the room was intended for, it had fallen a long way from grace. It was then quite as disorderly an apartment as I had ever entered. Two of its sides were piled high with old trunks, furniture, bedding, and with household utensils of every description. I noticed that most of the wreck was of foreign manufacture, and that the luggage was covered with foreign labels and railway-tickets.

The portion of the floor that was not occupied in this way seemed to be the office, dining-place, and sewing-room, of the mistress of the establishment; for, on and about two cheap tables, were scattered well-thumbed books, scraps of paper, ink-bottles, cups and saucers, soiled plates, tatters of cloth, thread, spools, and so on. The air was close and musty, and it was impregnated with the odor of fried bacon.

The woman seized a chair by its back, and, after tipping its load of odds and ends upon the floor, gave it to me to sit down in. She saw me looking at the old furniture.

She placed her hands upon her hips, and looked at it also. It seemed to arouse within her a deep indignation. She became red in the face, and she suddenly cried:

"That's what I git for boardin' and lodgin' sixty-two men, women, and children, for about two years, to sum it up altogether—and I can prove it by the book."

She pounced upon one of the soiled volumes, and held it up, wide open, for my inspection.

"They come here," pursued she, "jest as though I was made to be ate up, and swallered up, an' to git nothin' fur it. A family comes in and takes a room, or two rooms, or three rooms, and then, in a month, the man or the 'oman comes, with tears in their eyes, and says they hain't got no money. I then levies on their goods and chattels. Then, like as not, there's a parcel of scamps on my top floor that walk off some day and leave their trunks full of rocks, having run out their clothes in the night-time, after all honest folk are asleep. Then there's the lone wimmin, that's waiting fur remittances; then there's the head - mechanic, that has got throwed out of the shop, where he earned his five dollars a day, on account of being a Republican; then there's the villain that gets a friend to put on brass buttons and come and take all his things for debt to his tailor; then there's the newspaper-man, that git's sent off to Florida, and says he'll remit from Jacksonville; and there's the colonel in the army, on secret service, that eats opium; and, when he gets in a fit, clears out with an actress's necklace, and gets himself reported drowned in North River next mornin'."

She ran on, in this way, for fifteen minutes, without a falter. She was as scornful in her tone and gesture as any woman I ever saw on the stage or off. Her little figure swelled with rage as she recounted her miseries as a hostess, and the tricks by which she had been defrauded of her dues. It appeared that her house was, at that very instant, full, from top to bottom, with people

who had not paid, and who did not intend to pay, for their accommodation.

This was her great grief and anxiety. She had discovered that she was involved with that semi-charlatan, semi-unfortunate class that haunts all large cities, and that she was, by one subtle and ingenious pretext after another, being steadily and persistently cheated.

I did not hesitate to tell her of my disinclination to take an apartment under her roof, and she seemed to think it entirely reasonable that I should entertain such a resolve; but, whether from her own belief that her house was not a pleasant one, or from a conviction that I was only another of those that Providence had sent to cheat her, I never knew. At any rate, she was civil enough, and her sorrows had become so much a matter of pride with her that she wished to show them off to me. She desired to convince me under what difficulties she was obliged to labor, and to what chicanery she was exposed.

"Come," said she, suddenly rising and selecting a scrap of paper from amid the confused mass that lay before her, "come; today I must get five hundred and forty dollars, to pay my rent on the day after to-morrow. Jes you watch 'em. Jes you take note how they'll c-r-a-w-l out of it, how they'll smile and lie to get rid of doing their duty."

I then took with her a most extraordinary journey.

She began at the first door that she came to, and demanded of a curly-headed French boy that opened it twenty dollars and some odd cents. She did not get it, for the lord and master was out collecting on his own account. At the next door she asked for eighty dollars, and was confronted by a whole family, men and all, who begged for grace of another week. She refused it, and walked boldly into their rooms, and began to take, on the back of her bill, a sort of inventory of all the effects that were liable to attachment. This produced a good effect. The woman of the household suddenly found sixty dollars. The mistress was satisfied, for the time, with this; but she threatened dire disaster unless the balance should be forthcoming on the morrow. The next trial was for some ten dollars. But the man who owed it was so ill that the doctor had forbidden any one to speak with him. Therefore the creditor was obliged to retire empty-handed.

We ascended the stairs to the next story. The structure of the building here was hardly less elegant than that of the lower story, but the improvidence of the inhabitants was even more remarkable. We came to a family of girls, who were dancers in a spectacle then running at one of the theatres. There were three of them, and they were cooking over a fire. They all wore draggled, high-colored dresses, and they all had yellow hair, which straggled down their backs. Their mother, a white-haired and untidy woman, brought forth twenty dollars, whereas she should have brought six times as much, and she bore the reproaches of her landlady with a calm and pleasant countenance.

Three men, who seemed to be respectively a doctor, a draughtsman, and a student, were next visited, and all of them had forgotten all

about their indebtedness, or rather that it was due that day.

Then we came to an artist's studio. The artist, in a dressing-gown, was cooking some coffee in a French pot over a gas-stove. His walls were covered with sketches of horses and men in armor. He apologized for having no money; and he did it with such grace and ease, that the mistress smiled and said that she was sorry to trouble him. He was a handsome fellow.

Next we came to a room in which there were four beds, one in each corner of the room. And standing beside the beds, and chatting and smoking, were eight Cubans, with their hats on. The air of the room was almost intolerable. Madam had no sooner made known her errand, than one of them advanced and handed her an envelope, which contained the rent-money that she demanded of him.

She retired somewhat abashed, and I actually believe that she regretted that, instead of the money, she had not received another rebuff, in order that her position as martyr might become more clearly proved.

In all her tour she collected only some one hundred and ninety-and-odd dollars, and she pathetically appealed to me, with a somewhat tigerish look in her dark and flashing eyes, if her troubles were not enough to make her hang herself. She burst into tears midway on the journey down the wide and echoing stairs, and I remember that her red figure trembled from head to foot with the violence of her agitation. She looked very much debased in the presence of so much that had been grand and beautiful, and she was truly a grain between the upper and nether millstone. During her passage through the corridors no one had appeared in them. All the doors had remained closed, and the house was very silent; but, when I took leave of her at her door, and saw her enter it, and then walked back toward the place of exit, all of the heads came out again, and the noisy voices that I had heard at first resumed their tumult, and the old house was filled with gay sounds, much as if it had been relieved of some sudden and threatening danger.

## A SUMMER TOUR IN HIGH LATITUDES.

SCANDINAVIA, FINLAND, RUSSIA.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR,

LATE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND MEMBER OF THE EIGHTH CONGRESS OF NATIONS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

### VII.

The opening of the *Avant Congrès* (Preliminary Congress) took place on the 19th of August.

The forms observed at this and all subsequent meetings, both of the Preliminary and General Congresses, were essentially French—no formal election for president; no demanding the floor as a right; in short, no parliamentary rule at all. The entire programme is arranged beforehand, and consequently the whole course of the proceedings, unless inter-

rupted by unusual daring on the part of a member, is in the hands of the president. I never fully perceived how much the preservation of popular liberty depended on the maintenance of just parliamentary laws until, as on this occasion, I was called upon to act as a member of a body not protected by such laws. The president was proposed and elected *à la carte*, he read an opening speech *à la carte*, some few other remarks were made *à la carte*, and the session adjourned. The only thing that happened otherwise than as previously arranged was the refusal of M. Ficker to speak in French—the refusal generally attributed to his German intolerance of anything belonging to hated and recently-conquered France, but, as I thought, erroneously. The fact is, very few of the members spoke in French. They preferred their own language, even at the cost of being profoundly misunderstood by their colleagues, and as profoundly misrepresented by the reporters. At the second session of this cut-and-dried *Avant Congrès* they presented us with a quarto volume of four hundred printed pages, called the programme. A glance at this encyclopaedia of arrangements satisfied me of three things: First, that the proceedings of the General Congress were cut-and-dried as thoroughly as had been those of the Preliminary Congress; second, that the Congress as a scientific body would accomplish nothing; and, third, that, with reference to my country in particular, the classifications were entirely unsuitable and worthless. I told them so at the second session of the *Avant Congrès*; but the United States did not appear to be of sufficient importance to warrant any alteration in the arrangements they had made for the statistics of the world, which, to most of the members, consisted merely of the European states. For the present, I pass over any further reference to the proceedings of the Congresses, both *avant* and general, reserving what I may have to say to the last. Suffice it to say, in this place, that the *Avant Congrès* met on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of August, and the General Congress from the 22d to the 30th, both inclusive, excepting one Sunday.

On the evening of the 21st I went to the reception of the Grand-duchess Hélène. This lady was the widow of the Grand-duc Michel, uncle to the emperor. She was nearly seventy years of age, and quite feeble, so that the duty of receiving us was delegated to a lady of the court, whose name I have forgotten, but whose amiable and unaffected manners, and evident desire to make us feel quite at home, left a most grateful impression on the mind. After receiving us in one of the principal salons of the palace, she showed us the edifice, its furniture, its pictures, ay, even its china-closet, for the grand-duchess is, it seems, a great connoisseur of delf and glass ware, and possesses a rare collection of them. Among the numerous curiosities of the place are some fifty or a hundred Parian busts of Hélène, modeled, I should judge, many years ago, and intended, I was informed, as presents. We were supped, wined, cigared, and indulged in all sorts of freedom by our fair hostess, and invited to repeat our visit as often as we desired. Some of my read-

ers will perhaps like to know how the palace was furnished, and how our hostess was dressed. In both respects so plainly that I am confident I should disappoint them by any further details—plain walls, plain floors, plain furniture, and a plainly-dressed plain hostess. Any diamonds upon her? Not a diamond. Any insignia of rank? Nothing of the sort. No republican lady could have dressed with greater simplicity, unless she had been a Quakeress.

Next day I visited the Imperial or Winter Palace of the emperor, said to be the most magnificent in the world. Here, indeed, was gorgeousness. Immense halls in polished white marble, walls, pillars, floors, every thing; others with enormous columns of polished malachite, the exquisitely beautiful green porphyry of Russia supporting their lofty domes. The throne-room, the dining-hall, the vestibules, staircases, and other public portions, are magnificent beyond description. I leave all this to the guide-books. But there is no description of the private apartments to be found in these books, and, since we were shown through these, I cannot forbear to briefly sketch them in this place. The finest of these apartments, those devoted to the emperor and his family, is a suite of rooms running the whole length of the building on the water-side, for this palace fronts on the Neva. These apartments are all connected, so that, in order to approach the bed-chambers, you must first pass through many other rooms. These were all furnished differently. The walls were generally hung in silk damask—blue, green, and yellow, being the predominating colors. Some were hung in tapestry. The walls of one room were of polished white marble. There was no excess of furniture in any of them, but what there was was of the most exquisite patterns and workmanship. Magnificent tables, in Florentine mosaic, *pietra dura*, cabinets in buhl and ormolu, bronzes and paintings, adorned these apartments, and in such profusion and variety that, after making the tour of the palace, I grew weary of examining them. They only left the general impression on my mind of great wealth united with exquisite taste. As I said before, there was no excess of furniture in any of the rooms; but, when it is remembered that this edifice is capable of accommodating six thousand guests, and not packed together as in an American hotel, but with spacious suites of apartments for all, it will be seen how easily one may soon tire of regarding its numerous beauties. The imperial bedstead is of gold, with a canopy over the head-board, and, for the benefit of my female readers, I will add, a blue-silk coverlid, stuffed with down. I saw another bedstead, in the same palace, of silver. The empress's bath is of one piece of marble. But few of the rooms, if I recollect rightly, were carpeted. The floors were all in parquetry of hard woods, in geometrical patterns. On some of them were carpets; on others, large Indian rugs; on others, again, nothing. One of the prettiest and plainest chambers was the emperor's office. The furniture was elegant but light, the floor was covered with matting; there was a desk, an electric wire with which to summon assistance, a few

racks for paper, envelopes, pens, etc., and that was all. This room occupies a corner of the palace, and is lighted by windows on two sides. It overlooks the river, and has a cheerful, unimperial look, in striking contrast with the grand appearance of the other apartments. I was told the emperor preferred it to any of the others.

Besides the public apartments and those of the emperor and his family, this palace contains a vast number of rooms for the accommodation of the court. Most of these are quite plainly furnished, as plainly as the suites of sleeping-rooms in our first-class hotels. The crown-jewels are preserved here. I had seen those of France, Great Britain, and some other countries, but these were far more numerous and magnificent. They were kept in a large room, in a series of glass show-cases, guarded by mustached veterans of the Imperial Guard. The most noticeable gem of all was the wonderful Orloff diamond, which adorns the imperial sceptre. This brilliant is about one cubic inch in size, and weighs one hundred and ninety-five carats. It formerly belonged to Nadir Shah, of Persia, and is of the first water, without flaws or faults of any kind. It once formed the eye of a Brahminian god, and was bought by the Empress Catherine for a mere song—half a million dollars in cash and an annuity of twenty thousand dollars. The crowns of the emperor and empress abound in gems of the largest size. That of the czarowitz is a perfect cone of brilliants. The handsomest ornament of the collection, value aside, was, in my opinion, a necklace of the empress. Fancy a hundred brilliants, from one-half down to one-fourth of a cubic inch in size, strung with great skill in three or four rows, so that, with the innumerable smaller brilliants that went to make up the ornament, it looked like a lace-pattern done in diamonds!

On the 23d I dined at the American legation by invitation of Mr. Schuyler; the minister, Governor Curtin, having returned to the United States.

There were present, besides my colleagues of the Congress, Mr. Moore, formerly member of Congress from Philadelphia; General Polmutz, our consul at St. Petersburg; and a son of Charles Astor Bristed ("Carl Benson"), of New York.

It was a regular Russian dinner, preceded by the Northern *sarosta*, or first dinner, and was marked throughout with many signs of Mr. Schuyler's excellent taste. I here drank, for the first time, some of the celebrated yellow tea of China, which costs more than its weight in silver. It is brought overland to Russia by caravans. The Chinese fashion is to drink it pure, the Russian fashion to sweeten it with sugar and add a slice of lemon to the cup. No milk is used. I confess I preferred the Russian fashion to our own.

On Sunday I went to church, to one of the great Greek cathedrals. I never saw such a sight before in my life. Beggars on the stone staircase, on the porch, in the aisles, everywhere! The edifice was thronged. There were no pews, no seats, no resting-places. Everybody stood up. Near the entrance were arranged, in a row, about a hundred tin money-boxes with inscriptions on them: this,

for such a charity, this for such another, and so on to the end. The priest was a white-haired, benevolent-looking man, clad in full canonicals. He sat upon a raised throne, and talked to the crowd that surged up to his seat. He did not pray; he did not preach; he simply talked to those about him! Neither did he talk to them collectively, nor in a raised tone. He spoke a few quiet words to one person at a time, occasionally applying the remark, as I could see by his manner and look, to the others near by. His words acted like magic. Every man seemed to be benefited by them. The downcast looked up, the miserable were comforted, the despairing took heart. Every man and woman left him with a smile of confidence and hope. The magnificence of the edifice, a feature common to all the cathedrals of St. Petersburg, was marvelous. Enormous columns of porphyry and malachite supported an immense dome, the bases and columns being of gold, or perhaps gold-plate. There were numerous shrines all over the building, and the very devout would go from one to another with their orisons until the entire round was completed. In one corner was a counter for the sale of wax-candles. These were bought by the worshipers, lighted, carried to some shrine, and there left burning. In another corner were sacred relics, the vestments or bones of saints, the former greasy with much handling, the latter black with much kissing. Although the crowd was great, there was neither noise nor confusion; but I never shall get rid of the look of utter ignorance and fanaticism stamped on every face I saw. Greek Catholicism simply means Roman Catholicism five hundred years ago—the Catholicism of the middle ages, Catholicism of the senses, not of the mind. I felt carried back five centuries to the interior of some grand cathedral in Central Europe. The dim light that struggled through the side-windows, mingling with the dimmer lights of the shrines; the smoke arising from the candles and incense; the multitude gathered around the priest, or kneeling at the shrines, or bending over to kiss the relics, all crossing themselves rapidly, and muttering their prayers—made up a memorable scene. When I had struggled through the crowd, escaped from the poor-box keepers, run the gauntlet of the beggars, and stood once more in the street, I felt that I had lived through innumerable ages, and suddenly come to light in the nineteenth century.

Russia is certainly a grand and unique country. It contains eighty million people, of whom seventy-nine million are barbarians and the remainder princes. It required hundreds of generations and a thousand wars to bring the people of Western Europe out of a moral and intellectual condition similar to that in which this great nation still stands. But there was neither steam to stir these generations nor gunpowder to fight these battles. How many years, with gunpowder and steam, will it require for Russia to attain the moral and intellectual condition of the rest of Europe, and what convulsions are in store for her meanwhile, are problems which this church-scene first proposed to my mind in Russia. We shall see how my subsequent travels throughout the empire answered them.

## A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.\*

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

### CHAPTER XXII.

"Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been; I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell; Unto thine ear I hold the Dead-Sea shell, Cast up thy life's foam-fretted feet between; Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell Is now a shaken shadow intolerable, Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen."

It was probably a good thing—it was certainly not a thing to be regretted—that, when Max reached Strafford, he found Arthur absent. The latter had returned to the house, breakfasted, ordered his horse, and ridden off, without telling any one where he was going or when he would be back, the servants reported. Questioned respecting the time which had elapsed since he left, they agreed in affirming that it had not been more than an hour—at which information Max frowned impatiently. If he had only been a little earlier, he thought—and yet he was conscious that he was not in fit condition to see Arthur. Though of a cool temperament, and accustomed more than most men to holding himself well in hand, he was at that time suffering such a revulsion of feeling against his cousin, that, if he had found him at once, he might not have been able to restrain its expression within any thing like reasonable bounds. Not that he was in any sense carried away by passion, but a stern sense of wrathful indignation, largely seasoned with contempt, possessed him, and seemed to dominate immediate and strong utterance.

This utterance it would certainly have found, with doubtful results, if Arthur had been within reach. It has been already said that perhaps it was a good thing he was not. The process of relief called "speaking one's mind," rarely does much good to any one concerned, save to the speaker; and, in this instance, it might have done a great deal of harm. Without any taint of Phariseism, Max's sentiments were certainly stronger than most men of the world would have sanctioned, since it is the fashion of the world to deal leniently even with what it disapproves. There are men and to spare of conventional integrity who would have regarded lightly enough such an offense as that of Tyndale's, but Max was not one of them. Perhaps his profession might account for a certain rigidity in his manner of viewing things, but undoubtedly there seemed to him no excuse for Arthur's conduct. A record of such mingled weakness, perfidy, deception, and cowardice, had, in his eyes, nothing to redeem or palliate it. "If he had only been true to anybody or any thing!" he muttered, more than once, as he paced the terrace, in sentinel-fashion, to and fro. But that was the darkest point of all; he had been true to nobody—to nothing! Regarding the matter, as he had of late

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been in the habit of regarding it, from a double point of view, Max felt unable to decide whether Norah or Leslie had been most wronged. "The Bohemian girl has been his match, however!" he thought, with a certain grim triumph—and then he melted into absolute tenderness over the recollection of Leslie's wasted love and abused faith.

The latter consideration brought his mind back to Norah's recommendation of the morning—her assertion that if Arthur were once removed from Leslie's life, he (Max) might, by the exercise of common discretion and judgment, step into the vacated place. Still pacing back and forth, watching the shadows shorten toward noon, and waiting for Arthur's return, he let his reflections turn from the more vexatious view of the subject to dwell on that audacious proposal. "Was she in jest or in earnest?" he thought—puzzled as many a straightforward man has been puzzled before him by a woman's chameleon moods. "Did she take me to be a scoundrel or a lover on the melodramatic model, ready to profit on another man's dishonor? or was she only amusing herself by an attempt to play upon my credulity?" This question being rather difficult to answer by one not versed in the abstruse study of feminine ethics, our *chasseur* shook his head over it. But, like moths around a candle, his thoughts still fluttered about the memory of Norah's eyes and smile. Not at all a woman in his style—not in the least a woman whom he admired—still, a woman with a charm, he could not but confess. A creature of infinite variety, energy, and resource, to whom he could not deny the grace of fascination, however much he might prefer something gentler and more feminine. Then his thoughts received a new impetus of indignation in the recollection of how Arthur had distorted every feature of her character in his description of it—how he had drawn its noble outlines rudely, and dashed its fine tints with vulgar coloring. What could be said of a man who thus willfully added slander to deception? This was the text of Max's meditations, when suddenly a graceful figure which he knew well, but was not at that moment expecting to see, mounted the terrace-steps and advanced toward him.

The encounter was a surprise on both sides. Although Arthur had emerged from the large gate which shut in the stable domain, and followed a path which led to the foot of the terrace, he had not noticed Max, while Max, on his part, had seen nothing of him. Both men, therefore, started, and involuntarily drew back a little.

"By Jove!—are you here?" said Arthur, in no very gracious tone.

"So you are back at last!" said Max, rather curt in turn.

"Is it remarkable that I should be back?" asked the former, with a touch of defiance in his manner—a manner which a great many people, who ought to know better, assume when they desire to place themselves on the defensive.

"Not at all remarkable," was the reply. "I was only surprised to see you so unexpectedly."

"I came up from the stable—I have been over to Wexford," explained the other, care-

lessly. Then he gave a somewhat forced laugh. "I should rather express surprise at seeing you!" he said. "I supposed you were over at Rosland—you must have gone out very early this morning, for you were not here at breakfast."

"I was very little behind yourself in going out," answered Max, thinking, perhaps, that he might save time by plunging into his subject at once. "The only difference was, that you came back to breakfast, and I did not."

"Behind me!" Arthur echoed. According to his usual fashion, he changed color vividly—this time more from anger than confusion. "I was not aware," he said, haughtily, "that my goings-out or comings-in concerned you in the least."

"You are quite right," returned Max, deliberately. "They do not concern me in the least—except in so far as they concern a matter in which you have more than once explicitly requested my interference."

"If I was fool enough to request your interference at one time," said Arthur, angrily, "understand that I quite as explicitly request your non-interference now! Whatever I may choose to do, or leave undone, is none of your affair."

"You are mistaken about that," said Max. He did not lose control over himself, though the manner of the other did not incline him to adopt any great degree of conciliation. "What you are proposing to do or to leave undone may be more my affair than you imagine."

"Indeed!" said Arthur, with an angry sneer, which was not a striking success as a sneer. In truth, angry men should never attempt to employ this potent weapon of offense, for, in order to be effective, a sneer should always be passionless. Perhaps Arthur felt this, or perhaps there was something in the keen dark eyes regarding him which made him change his tone. "At all events, he did change it. Don't be a fool, Max!" he said, impatiently. "You know, as well as I do, that this is nonsense—more than nonsense, indeed, if I chose to resent it! I was absurd enough to give you some excuse for your interference, and so I shall let it pass. But I insist upon your dropping the subject at once and finally!"

"Suppose I decline to do so?"

"Then I shall decline to listen to you. I have had enough—more than enough—of this!"

"I scarcely think you will decline to listen to me when you hear that I come from Miss Desmond."

"And, pray, why should I not decline to listen to you even then? What is Norah Desmond to me that I should give any more attention to her messenger than to herself?"

"What was she this morning when you asked her to elope with you?"

"So!" said Arthur, drawing in his breath with a sharp, quick sound. "You have heard that, have you?" Then, with a short, harsh laugh: "You were fool enough to believe it, were you? How completely she must have drawn you into her net! But I should have thought even you knew Norah Desmond better than that!"

"Do you deny it?" demanded Max. There was a tense chord in his voice which the other scarcely understood. Something like a slight quiver passed over him. As yet he held his indignant passion well in leash; but, if the denial came—

It did not come. Even Arthur Tyndale shrank from such downright perjury. Not so much because it was a perjury, as because he had a wholesome fear of Norah. It was one thing to insinuate that she had spoken falsely, another thing openly to declare it. His courage, which was quite equal to the first achievement, failed a little at the last. He turned in wrathful impatience upon his cousin.

"I shall say nothing about it, one way or another!" he cried. "Again, I repeat that it is no affair of yours. Why the devil do you insist upon interfering like this?"

"Because I mean to know definitely what you intend to do!" the other answered, sternly. "It is too late to take this tone with me. You invited my interference in the first instance; there are others who have as good a right as yourself to do so, who have invited it, in the second."

"I suppose you mean Norah Desmond?" said Arthur, with the bitter inflection of contempt which invariably accompanied his utterance of her name. "But, by Heaven! there is no interference which I will not tolerate sooner than *hers*!"

"I see that you have lost all sense of reason for the present," said Max, curtly. "It will be useless to attempt to talk to you unless you can listen in a different spirit from any you have displayed as yet. I shall walk to the end of the terrace," he added. "If you are gone when I come back, or, if you still refuse to listen to me, then I shall go, and your last chance of obtaining any consideration at Miss Desmond's hands will be over."

As he uttered these words, he turned away without giving the other time to speak, and walked slowly around the terrace. When he gained the end, he paused and stood still for a few minutes. Probably he felt that he, as well as Arthur, needed this little breathing-space. It was the thought of Leslie which had made him exercise so much self-control, and now he was conscious of a necessity to gird himself up, as it were, with that thought afresh—with the memory of her tenderness, her sweetness, her grace, her devoted love for the man behind him, her (he thought) entire unsuspiciousness. If it seemed hard that she should never know of what poor clay her idol was made, that, as Norah had said, she should "go through life holding a lie for truth," still Max was enough a man of the world to know that she was not singular, either among men or women, in that fate. If it is true in countless instances that—

"We loved our lost loves for the love we gave them,  
And not for any thing they gave our love."

it is still more true that there could be no sadder revelation on this sad earth of ours than the revelation of the wandering of those hearts which we have fancied truest, tenderest, most our own. This pang Max was determined should be spared Leslie. "It is not as if she could make another life for her—

self!" he muttered. "It is not as if she had the facile power of forgetting of an ordinary woman; or her sister's pride and courage. It would be a shock which might darken her whole life. Arthur's impressions are so evanescent that, when Miss Desmond goes away, he will most likely return to his allegiance, and be all that he was before. Not worthy of her—never, under any circumstances worthy of her—but one of the necessary compromises of which life is full!"

Braced by this cheerful view of things, Captain Tyndale turned at last to retrace his steps. The terrace-walk curved so that he could not see the spot where he had left Arthur, and his mind was naturally full of uncertainty concerning that unmanageable person. Would he still be there? Had he definitely taken leave of his senses, or was it only a temporary aberration which might be over, in a measure, at least, by this time? In another second he would turn the corner of the house, and the question would be answered. As he turned it, a quick, blank feeling of disappointment settled over him instantly. "He has gone," he thought. The next moment showed him that he was mistaken. Arthur was pacing up and down the path which he had himself followed an hour before.

Seeing his approach, the young man paused abruptly. His handsome face was paler and firmer than Max had ever seen it before; his violet eyes had a steady, angry lustre in them. Plainly, if cooler thoughts had come to him, milder ones had not.

"Well," he said, before the other could speak, "you see I have waited for you. But it has not been to listen to any thing which you may have to say either in your own character or in that of envoy. It has only been that I may request an explanation of your extraordinary conduct—that I may learn how it is that you think yourself at liberty to treat me in such a manner as this?"

"I did not come here to discuss my own conduct," answered Max. "Think what you like of it! Just now I am occupied with yours. Just now I must repeat the question which I have already asked: What do you mean to do with regard to your engagement?"

"And I repeat what I have already asked: How does any thing connected with it concern you?"

"Granting that it does not concern me at all, you certainly cannot deny that it concerns Miss Desmond. You may consider me as her envoy, if you prefer to look on me in that light."

"Her dupe and tool, more likely!" was the bitter response. "But why should she make such an inquiry?"

"Simply because it is necessary with reference to her own conduct," answered Max, who was beginning to lose patience. "Are you aware that you may do yourself infinite harm by this obstinacy?" he asked. "Unless you desire to break your engagement, Miss Desmond, on her part, is willing to leave the truth untold, if you will pledge yourself to keep faith with her sister."

"Miss Desmond is infinitely generous!"

"She is certainly more generous than many women would be!" said Max, with

growing sternness. "If you reject her offer, however," he added, turning away, "my interference is at an end. I have the honor to bid you good-morning!"

"Stop!" said Arthur, quickly. "Don't go like this! Are you in earnest?—does Norah offer to bind herself to—to tell her sister nothing?"

"I think I may safely say that she offers even that, in case you bind yourself in turn to keep faith with Miss Grahame, and to suffer her to suspect nothing."

"By Jove!" said Arthur. For a minute he looked quite astounded. It seemed Norah's special province to go through life astonishing people. "I did not expect this," he said, slowly. "I thought it was all over this morning. She left me like a tigress, and I was sure she had told Leslie every thing before the present time. I was so confident of it that I have made my arrangements to leave!" he added, shrugging his shoulders. "It would be too hot for me here after things came out. My ticket is in my pocket. I meant to go up to Alton to-night, and—and anywhere else that I felt inclined afterward. It would have been rather a relief to be rid of the whole infernal business!" he said, with a tone of genuine regret in his voice. "But, if it is to go on, of course this arrangement will be best. Only you must understand one thing: I shall not trust Norah Desmond's pledge or promise, either given or sent. I must have proof that she does not mean to play me false at last."

"What kind of proof?"

"My letters—the letters of which I have spoken before. Let her return those, and I will know she is in earnest."

"I do not think it likely that she will accede to such a request," said Max. "But I will lay it before her. One thing, however, I know that I am safe in demanding on her part—the return of her letters, if you still have them."

"Her letters!" repeated Arthur. "Good Heavens! do you take me for a woman or a fool, that I should be treasuring up such reliques? I have not, to my knowledge, a shred of one of them, else she should certainly have it. God knows I want to keep no recollection of her, or the part she has played in my life!" he added, with sudden, bitter passion.

And, little as Max was inclined to trust him, he saw that he was speaking truth, and he knew, moreover, that it is the rarest thing in the world when a man does keep such tokens of the past. It is women, predominantly, who love to make packets of old letters, over which they weep and sigh, or smile and laugh. Men's lives are too busy, and, as a rule, too practical, for such tender, foolish acts of remembrance.

"And if Miss Desmond refuses—as, in my opinion, she is very likely to refuse—to return your letters," said Max, "what then?"

The other drew the railroad-ticket of which he had spoken from his pocket and held it up. "This is what then!" he said.

Max made one quick step forward—then checked himself and fell back. After all, violence would serve no good purpose. But it was almost a minute before he could command his voice sufficiently to speak.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, hoarsely. "Do you mean that you will dare to leave Miss Grahame like that!"

"I mean," answered Arthur, "that I will not trust Norah Desmond! If she refuses to return my letters, I shall know that she has a trap laid for me, and I am not quite fool enough to walk into it with my eyes open. You may tell her that if you like. I will not live such a life as I have been leading lately! It is infamous!—it is too much to expect of any man! If she refuses to return my letters, I shall leave the country, and she may take the burden of explanation on her own shoulders! It is all her fault from beginning to end! It was a cursed day for me when I first saw her face!"

"This is your ultimatum, then," said Max, feeling that he must get away—that he would not be able to restrain himself many minutes longer. "You make the return of your letters an absolute condition for keeping faith with Miss Grahame?"

"Yes, an absolute condition!" said the other, emphatically.

With this understanding they parted. As Max went across the park to Rosland, he could not restrain the indignation which possessed him; and yet even indignation was subordinated by uneasiness. "Is it doing well? is it a thing which can be excused under any circumstances, to put Leslie's happiness into such keeping?" he asked himself. "Is one so false likely to be more constant or more honorable in the future than in the past?" There was only one answer to such a question as this—Leslie had put her own happiness into his hands. No outside person had been to blame for that. The sole point to be considered now was whether to leave her in happy ignorance, or to wake her to bitter knowledge; and this point, as we are aware, Max had long before decided. He shook his head many times, however, as he strolled slowly along through the woods and across the fields. He began to realize that it was a dangerous business—this interfering, even with the best intentions, to make or mar the happiness of others' lives.

When he reached Rosland they were at luncheon, and his entrance created a slight stir of interest in what was else a very languid company. "We did not expect you back so soon!" said Mrs. Sandford, with a subdued flutter, as he sat down by her. She felt, no doubt, that it was on her account he had returned. His heart, or his conscience, or both together most likely, had smitten him after his return to Stratford, and he had come to seek pardon in the depths of her beguiling eyes. Those eyes looked at him with the faintest shade of reproach imaginable gleaming through their gratification.

"You don't deserve to be spoken to!" she confided to him. "Why did you go away this morning and leave me to be so frightfully dull? It was very, very unkind of you!"

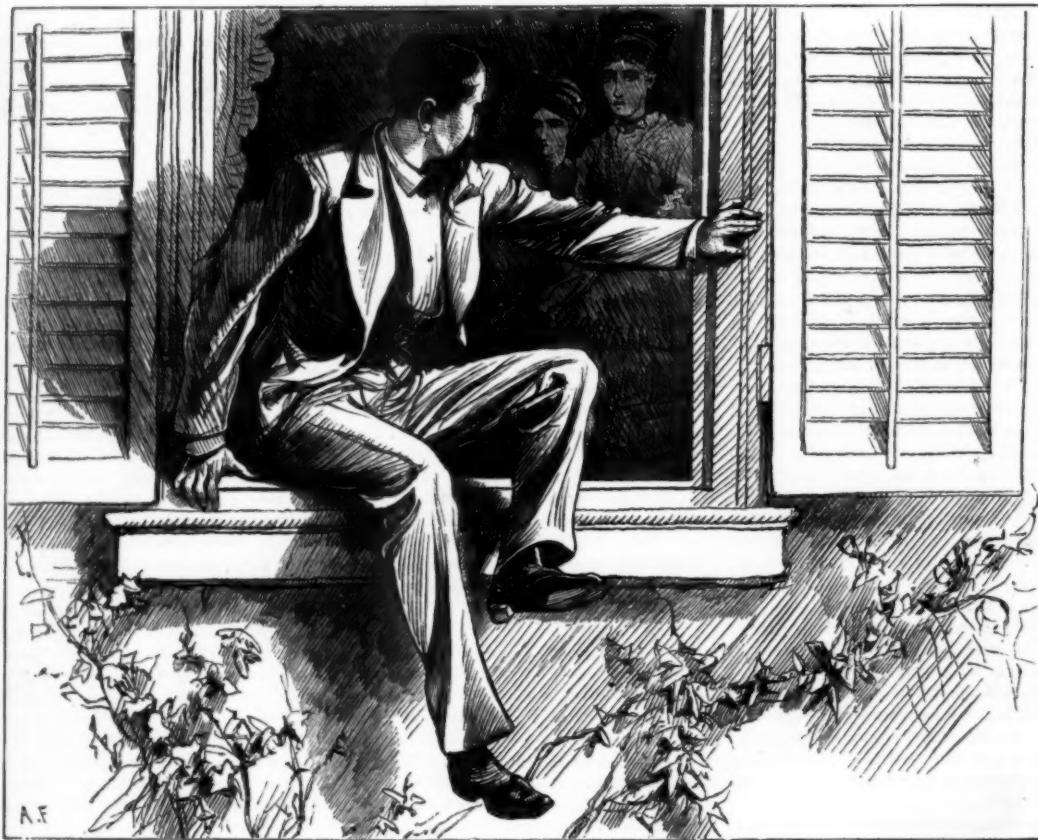
"I really cannot flatter myself that I should have had any power to keep the dullness at bay," he answered, impatient of herself and her eyes, yet seeing no means of escape. A glance round the table showed him that everybody was dull and somewhat

silent, as people are apt to be in the midst of "one of the warmest days of the season." Carl was the only exception to this rule. He looked restless instead of dull, and Max encountered more than one glance expressive of any thing but amiability leveled at himself by the brown eyes out of which all laughter seemed to have died. "Something uncommon is the matter with that fellow!" he thought, as he seasoned his chicken plentifully with Worcester sauce, and answered Mrs. Sandford's remarks with discouraging brevity. Carl, meanwhile, was debating gloomily in his mind whether "that fellow" was in love with Norah himself, or

he might have revealed the fact that it was a very uncomfortable party who talked commonplace about the heat, and the coming guests of the evening. Of them all, Norah took things most philosophically. "When the worst comes, I shall simply pack my trunk and leave!" she thought. This resolution was possible to her, who had no keenly personal share in the annoyances—she was not tortured by doubt, or stung with pain, as some of the others were. Next to Norah, Mr. Middleton took things most placidly. He was emphatically of the opinion that the whole business (Carl's infatuation, Norah's visit, and Leslie's engagement understood)

private spot to receive Mrs. Sandford's overflowing confidence, where would it end?—when should he be able to see Norah? Just then he could have echoed most heartily Mr. Weller's well-known sentiments with regard to widow. He felt desperate—and a desperate idea entered his mind. "I'll make an opportunity as soon as possible," he said. After this, he hurried away in search of Norah.

Instead of Norah, it was Leslie whom he found in the sitting-room, where he had spent so many pleasant hours. It looked as pretty as ever, though he felt instinctively that the charm of repose, which had chiefly made it so delightful, had vanished. The same green still-



"Good Heavens! Captain Tyndale, what are you going to do?"—Page 114.

was merely acting as the envoy of his cousin. The suggestion that any thing but Norah could have brought him to Rosland, would have been scouted contemptuously by this infatuated young man. "He who is giddy thinks the world turns round," and Carl was very giddy indeed at this time. Indeed, he was half mad with love and hopelessness and jealousy, and no more accountable for his thoughts or actions than a lunatic in a strait-jacket.

It is a good thing that there is no Asmodeus to lift the roofs from off our heads, or to open the doors of our hearts and show what thoughts and feelings possess us. If there had been such an inconvenient sprite,

was a confounded nuisance—it may even be that he characterized it still more strongly—but a man cannot excite himself with impunity when the thermometer is at eighty-five degrees, and Mr. Middleton dismissed his share of anxiety until cooler weather.

When they were leaving table, Mrs. Sandford said, in a whisper, to Max: "I must speak to you as soon as possible, and alone. I have something of the utmost importance to tell you. Can you make an opportunity, or shall I?"

"I—oh—I'll do it!" answered he, cast down to the very earth by this bold assault. Where was any hope of rescue or escape? If he allowed himself to be entrapped into a

ness brooded behind the half-closed blinds; the table was covered with work and books—new magazines and novels principally; the fragrance of roses was heavy on the air; every thing was outwardly the same that it had been ten days before; but the unseen stir and strife of passion had changed the place. The air, which before was full of peace and serenity, now seemed full of fears, doubts, suspicions—Max wondered if it was only his imagination which fancied this.

Leslie was standing by the centre-table, in the middle of the room, when he came in. He thought how pretty she looked, her slender figure "gowned in pure white," her graceful brown head drooping like that of a classic

statue! But there was something pathetic, as well as classic, in this drooping head, and she seemed fingering, half absently, the flowers which filled a large vase in the centre of the table.

"See!" she said, turning with a smile—faint, and evidently forced—when Max came in. "Our poor roses!—the heat is too much for them. These are all that the garden affords, and see how imperfect they are—really scarce worth gathering!"

"Very different from those you showed me in May," said he, coming and standing by her. "Do you remember that evening in Alton?—How lovely the roses were! and how you laughed at me for not knowing more of their nomenclature!"

"I remember," she said. "You mean the evening that Mrs. Sandford came in, and—Arthur was there? Yes, they were lovely—every thing was lovely—that evening. But we cannot have the roses of May in July."

"No," said he, looking at her face, out of which the delicate roses had fled. "You are not well," he added, abruptly. "I—I am afraid you may be worrying about something."

"Why should you think that?" asked she, looking at him with a quick keenness in her soft gray eyes. "I am perfectly well, and—what should I worry about?"

"Women find a thousand things to worry about, of which a man knows nothing," answered he. "I thought perhaps you might have fancied, imagined something—you are not looking well!" he repeated, positively. At that moment he felt a strong and very ungallant inclination to choke Mrs. Sandford. "Had her tongue done this mischief?"

"I was never a person to fancy or imagine things," said Leslie, lifting her lily-like neck proudly. "I have always had a great contempt for people of that kind. They not only make their own misery, but the misery of all around them. They are mean, and suspicious, and—and jealous at last, perhaps! I would die sooner than give way to such an inclination!" cried she, with a sudden pang—a rush of unshed tears—in her voice, which told her listener the whole story of her struggle.

And what could that listener say? Neither reassurance nor comfort was his to give. Besides, what right had he to offer it to Arthur Tyndale's future wife? His heart was touched as it might have been by the bravely-borne suffering of a child. But Leslie Grahame was no child. She was a woman whom he might once have loved, who might have made his life as different as he would certainly have made hers, if the caprice of Fate had not decided otherwise. Now there was no thought of love in his heart—only pity akin to tenderness, as he watched the quick flush of pain coming and going in her pale cheeks.

"I told you once—on that evening of which we were speaking a minute ago," he said, "that, even if one crushed a lily, its fragrance would remain. If you were crushed by the worst trouble in the world, I am sure you would still be yourself, and therefore incapable of an ungenerous thought. But why should you think of such things? There is no need for you to do so."

"Is there no need for me to do so?" asked she, turning suddenly and facing him with a

breathless look in her eyes. "On your honor, Captain Tyndale, do you know of no need for me to do so?"

On his honor! What could Max say? Some men have an idea that they can better tell a lie on any thing else than on their "honor." Others, as we are aware, hold that abstraction very lightly indeed. Max was one of the former class. He hesitated, flushed, looked uncomfortable and awkward, when called upon to perjure himself. Leslie turned away with a little dreary laugh—in which there was a heart-sick sound, if he had been quick enough to catch it.

"How foolish I am!" she said. "How should you know any thing about it? See what nonsense you have led me into talking! Where is Norah, I wonder? Do you know? And Mrs. Sandford seems to have vanished, too."

"You must not misunderstand my silence," he began; but she interrupted him quickly:

"Have I not told you that I am the last person in the world to misunderstand any thing? Tell me whom you would like to take to dinner, this evening, and I will try to see that you are gratified. Mrs. Sandford?"

"Good Heavens, no!" he answered, in genuine dismay; but, before he could say any thing further to avert such a fate, Mrs. Sandford herself appeared in the open door.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"How often one dead joy appears  
The platform of some better hope!  
And, let us own, the sharpest smart  
Which human patience may endure  
Pays light for that which leaves the heart  
More generous, dignified, and pure."

Max was armed and equipped for conquest. Max saw that in a moment, with a sinking of the heart impossible to describe. He was rather blind to the details and intricacies of feminine costume as a general rule, but a sense of danger sharpens the eyes wonderfully, and he perceived at a glance that the brief time which Mrs. Sandford had spent up-stairs had sufficed for several important changes of toilet. He was not sufficiently learned in the names of different articles of dress to have been able to specify that she had donned a different polonaise, and added a butterfly-bow to the already elaborate arrangement of her hair; but he recognized the fact of some change—and he knew what it meant!

"I thought you had retired for your siesta," said Leslie, turning round from the roses; and then she saw the change of toilet, and knew, also, what it meant.

"I think this is the coolest room in the house," said the pretty widow, with a conscious air. "Mine is really intolerable just now, though it is so pleasant usually. I think warm weather is apt to make one restless. Don't you think so, Captain Tyndale? It must have made you restless"—with a little playful arch of the eyebrows—"else you would not have undertaken so many walks through the sun-to-day."

"Might not something besides restlessness account for that?" asked Max. He

was tired to death of the woman—of her affectations, and mannerisms, and great wide-open blue eyes; but it is not exactly compatible with civility in general, nor with the chivalry due to the fair sex in particular, to turn a deaf ear to remarks which were specially addressed to him, backed by the eyes aforesaid, and a new French muslin polonaise of the latest and most becoming fashion.

"It is not restlessness which draws the needle to the magnet," said Leslie, smiling, for she knew what Mrs. Sandford thought.

"Then, if Captain Tyndale is the needle, somebody else must be the magnet," said that lady.—"Who is it, Captain Tyndale? We insist upon your telling us who it is."

"Do you?" said Captain Tyndale. "But, unless you have thumb-screws at hand, I am afraid there is no chance of your wringing a confession from me."

In this species of nonsense several minutes passed. Max began to feel more and more desperate. Where was Norah? He saw Leslie glance at the clock; he knew that before long she would apologize, retire for her *siesta*, and leave him to his fate—the horrible fate of spending two or three hours of a broiling afternoon shut up in a flower-scented room with Mrs. Sandford. If he could only see or hear any thing of Norah! He began to grow impatient, as well as desperate. She knew—she must have known—that he had come over to Rosland to see her, and yet she had coolly taken herself out of his way. "She might have spared me half an hour from her beauty-sleep, or from her flirtation with Middleton!" he thought. "It was not for myself that I wanted to see her!"

Feeling injured and indignant, he began to meditate how he could best make his escape, when the sudden tramp of a horse's feet on a carriage-drive beyond the veranda made them all start. "Is any one coming?" asked Leslie, in that tone of horror-stricken deprecation which the approach of a visitor so often calls forth. She opened the blinds cautiously and looked out. "No; it is only Carl!" she said, with a sigh of relief. "What a strange time of day to be going anywhere!"

"He is a strange kind of person," said Mrs. Sandford, languidly. There was nobody she felt less interest in than Carl, for the very good and sufficient reason that he had not paid her the compliment of evincing the least interest in her.

"An untimely fancy for exercise seems to have seized more than one member of your household," said Max, starting up, and walking to another window—a window which, being on the shady side of the room, stood partly open, and commanded a view of the grounds beyond. "Is not that Miss Desmond yonder?"

"Upon my word, I believe it is!" said Leslie, aghast. "Is she trying to get a sun-stroke or a fever, do you suppose, that she has gone to walk at such an hour?"

"Perhaps she has an engagement to meet Mr. Middleton somewhere," said Mrs. Sandford, putting up her eye-glass, and scrutinizing the graceful figure which at that moment was thrown into vivid relief by a deep-green hedge. "Miss Desmond has a fancy for that

kind of thing, I believe. It gives a spice of—of what you might call Bohemianism to her intercourse with gentlemen."

"I think you are mistaken," said Leslie, quickly. "There are many people who have never lived in Bohemia, who are much more fond of that sort of thing, as you call it, than Norah is; and," added the loyal advocate, proudly, "her society is sufficiently attractive in itself to dispense with any spice of fastness."

"My dear," said Mrs. Sandford, with effusion, "you must really excuse me! I am sure I meant no harm, but my tongue is so heedless, and you certainly are the kindest and most generous person in the world to talk so!"

"I really do not see what my appreciation of Norah has to do with kindness and generosity," answered Leslie, still haughtily in spirit.

"Nobody can appreciate her more than I do!" said Mrs. Sandford—which, in a certain way, was quite true. "Nobody can deny that she is very beautiful and very attractive! Captain Tyndale, what are you going to do?" she cried, breaking off with a sudden exclamation of alarm.

"I don't think Miss Desmond ought to be allowed to take a sunstroke or a fever without a warning," answered Max, who had swung himself over the low sill of the open window to the ground outside. "I am going to warn her, therefore. If she does not choose to listen to me, my conscience will be clear at least."

He stepped ruthlessly across a flower-bed which made a mass of bloom in front of the window, and walked quickly away in the direction Norah had taken—so quickly that a looker-on might have been pardoned for thinking that he was afraid of being called back.

But Mrs. Sandford was speechless. She gazed after him with crimson cheeks and angry eyes; but she had sense enough to say nothing. Leslie, who felt sorry for her, was the first to speak.

"Captain Tyndale will be back in a few minutes, no doubt. He cannot mean to go far—in this sun!"

"If he comes back instantly, he will not find me," answered Mrs. Sandford, in a voice that quivered—with anger, not with tears. She rose as she spoke. Leslie could not help thinking how pretty she looked. Excitement had, as it were, torn off her habitual veil of affectation; the real woman was in arms against the slight which had been passed upon herself and her elaborate toilet. Her cheeks were like carnations, her eyes flashed fire. It was a tempest in a teapot, but even tempests in teapots may sometimes work mischief. At that moment it was a gratifying thought that she could, at least, break her promise to Max, and in that way cause him a little annoyance.

"If Miss Desmond even walks across the lawn, other women must, of course, expect to be forsaken immediately!" she said, with that faint, scornful laugh which is significant of any thing in the world but amusement. "For a young lady who keeps so many strings to her bow, she manages them all with a great deal of skill!"

"It was not Norah's fault that Captain Tyndale went after her," said Leslie. "Pardon me, Mrs. Sandford, but you must really understand that I cannot listen—"

"It is not my affair, of course," said Mrs. Sandford, interrupting her, but without any of the honeyed apology of a little while before in her words or voice. "Miss Desmond's admirers, or lovers, or whatever they may be, do not concern me. It would be well, perhaps, if everybody could say the same thing; but when a woman has that insatiable love of admiration, there is no telling where it will stop!"

"Is it Norah whom you mean has an insatiable love of admiration?" asked Leslie, dully conscious that it was even in this woman's power to add to her pain. "I have not observed it."

"My dear," said the other, solemnly, "what have you observed? It is beautiful to see your *perfect trust*, your generous blindness; but, indeed, it is not wise, it is not doing justice to you—"

She stopped short, for Leslie turned toward her with a look on her face such as nobody had ever seen the fair, serene features wear before.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You said something like this yesterday, but I am not quick to read innuendoes—indeed, I should scorn to read almost as much as I should scorn to make them. If you have anything to say—any thing to tell me—speak plainly, and I will listen to you. But if you only mean to hint and suggest like this, I have heard enough."

"It is impossible for me to speak plainly," said Mrs. Sandford, "at least, not now. But, O Leslie, if you would only open your eyes and look—"

"I have heard enough!" repeated Leslie, haughtily. She turned decidedly and walked away. "I should not be surprised if we had a thunder-storm this afternoon," she said. "The air is sultry."

"I see that I had better go," said Mrs. Sandford, mounting a high horse of injured feeling. "I have driven Captain Tyndale away, and offended you; but it may not be long before you will be sorry for not having listened to me, Leslie!"

"I shall never be sorry for not having listened to anybody who dares not, or will not, speak outright!" said Leslie, turning round again. "I detest insinuation!" she cried, in her proud, passionate, pained voice. "It means something, or it does not. In either case it is the weapon of a—" She stopped abruptly. "Coward," she would have added, if courtesy had not come to her aid in time.

"Oh, pray say what you please!" cried Mrs. Sandford. "People who attempt to serve their friends must always expect to be treated like this. I knew it, of course, but my heart is so easily touched—I could not keep silence! As I said before, you will be sorry—when it is too late, perhaps."

Then she turned hastily and left the room. It was not only the natural feminine desire for the last word, which made her do this; it was a measure of precaution lest she should be forced into a (metaphorical) corner,

and made to confess on how little of actual knowledge her insinuations were based. A few broken words on the terrace at Stratford which she had caught, and which might be denied outright by either or both of the parties concerned—it would have been a sore humiliation to be obliged to confess that this was all. No, before she could speak, as she meant to speak, she must have proof, something which could not be gainsaid. "I'll stay here until I find that!" she said to herself, when she gained the solitude of her own room. It was a magnanimous resolution to take, and showed that she was in earnest in her desire—to serve Leslie! As a rule, she did not stay at any place where she was not amused, and if Max deserted her standard, amusement (of the kind she liked) would certainly be hard to find at Rosland.

## ORPHEUS IN THE STREET.

THE poor street Orpheus hath many enemies, who rail against him mercilessly, and hunt him in venomous editorial and caustic essay—enemies who call him a common nuisance, and will grant him no truce or pardon; enemies who carry their heads in an imperious fashion, and are superior to common tastes and sympathies. But he hath also a multitude of friends, who outnumber these fastidious *dilettanti* by millions, and listen rapturously to his melodies; friends whom he delights, inspires, and moves in unison. And what to them would be his extirpation? A loss almost as deplorable as the withering of flowers or the extinction of sunlight; an unfeeling abstraction from the too small sum of their joys. For, upon them his faulty tunes have the same influence as exquisite harmonies on the cultured ear. His vain performance is sweet and perfect in measure and expression. It sets them singing and dancing; it cheers them as the torch of finest music cheers; and it may elevate them, since assuredly it does not degrade them. Let us not, then, espouse too readily the crusade that would drive him from the streets. We grant that he is often an unwelcome intruder upon studious quiet; that he is injudicious in his habits, rashly appearing before our windows as we are composing ourselves for the visitation of the divine fire that cometh not, and grinding out his fitful melodies the more we grind our teeth. All this we grant. But let us remember we are only the small exclusivenesses of the private boxes, who lounge in dignified discontent, while the street Orpheus tunes his instrument to the applause of the vaster pit and gallery. Have you never seen, at the corner of some alley, in the worst part of the city, a group of muddy infants turn aside from absorbing recreations in the gutter, and gather spellbound in a decorous circle around the swarthy organ-grinder? Have you not seen a change for the better in their demeanor and aspect, as they listened to the harmonious creakings and strainings so wonderfully produced by a simple crank? And, if you have, it cannot be that your heart was untouched by the spectacle, and that you did not soften, and hear, in the notes of the vagabond musi-

ian, a language which, with more polished accent, has thrilled your own soul. We think a plea might well be entered for the support and encouragement of organ-grinders, as eloquent as that written long ago, in behalf of beggars and chimney-sweeps, and based on less fanciful grounds. *Aesthetically* considered, much praise might be said of them—and they would deserve yet more kindly recognition as picturesque vagabonds. Surely they should not be thoughtlessly condemned or banished; for they are ministers of joys, not harmful, because they are perfect, to a multitude whose store of pleasure is already so small that only a supremely selfish wretch would still further impoverish it. But here it is not within our scope to utter either plea or apology for the organ-grinders, in their relations to aesthetics or popular amusement. Having introduced them—kindly, we hope—they come before us in their business and social relations, as a strange people whom we encounter every day in our lives, without even asking what their circumstances are, or thinking of the means and ends of their existence.

Neither their personal history nor that of their instrument has ever been written. A general supposition exists that they are a "lazy lot," mostly Italians. But they are not to be so loosely classified; for, while some are only a shade better than professional mendicants, others have characters beyond reproach. It is a tedious life most of them lead, with long hours of labor, fruitful in opportunities for contemplation and philosophy—recreations for which they are unfortunately indisposed or incapable, however. But their profession is not without examples of patient toil resulting in wealth, and many of its commonplaces are relieved by the sparkle of veritable romance. One instance we recall of an organ-grinder in London, who retired to a fashionable house in St. John's Wood, with an enviable fortune acquired by street performances. But he was an arch-jester, who depended on his wit more than his melody for success. He carried in front of him, on his organ, a sheet of music, to which he paid constant and grave attention, as he ground away at the handle. The conceit was so archly humorous, that lookers-on could not repress their laughter, and paid for it with pennies that made their entertainer rich, while they remained poor. And there is an Italian named M—, who owns a front and rear tenement-house in Baxter Street, with several unoccupied plots of ground, worth, in all, a hundred thousand dollars. About thirty years ago he arrived in New York from Genoa, bringing with him a German hand-organ, the front of which contained a glass case of automaton figures. An exhibition of this kind was then a novelty in America, and the proprietor reaped a fair harvest, which he immediately invested in small hand-organs. These he rented to his compatriots at profitable rates, and, at the end of ten years, he was on the high-road to riches he now boasts. Like cases might be cited in such numbers as would cause a general departure from other professions—but we refrain. For the lot of the organ-grinder, taken all in all, is so grievously hard, that

only a few men are willing to accept it for a lifetime, though many choose it when other resources fail. The writer was informed, by one who knows, that it is almost impossible to find a poor Italian family in this city that has not a hand-organ in its possession. Sometimes the instrument is an heirloom, preserved through successive generations, and taken out only when poverty compels. A comparatively small number depend upon it exclusively for a livelihood, inasmuch as the Italians themselves attach a keen sense of degradation to it. But when there is no street-cleaning to do, or few fruits are in the market, and no other occupation is open, the old organ is brought out and shouldered, to provide food for starving wives and children. If the expense can be afforded, the latest popular air is punctured in the stale and classical *répertoire* on the barrel, and the performer is surer of gaining the ear of the hurrying crowds. He starts out as early as six o'clock in the morning, and toils through the day and evening until ten at night. You may hear his strains piercing the uproar of the dangerous neighborhoods. There he meets with the best reception, and the denizens welcome him with pennies out of their small store. Occasionally he invades the orderly regions of brown-stone, and seeks in vain for recognition in the wealth that surrounds him. Unconsciously he disturbs the nervous gentleman over the way, and, in an instant, the inexorable policeman is at his heels driving him away. And so he is met with frowns and smiles, with groans and mirth, until other people's bedtime, and then, benumbed and hungry, he trudges to his shabby tenement-home in the odiferous confines of Donovan's Lane or Baxter Street. Honest Orpheus counts his coppers under the greedy eyes of his young brood. There is no paper, and few nickels, and the little pile of pennies amounts only to a dollar. Small pay this for fourteen hours' work; but Orpheus suddenly remembers something in his vest-pocket. Look at it! pray, look at it!—a genuine fifty-cent scrip, received at a house where he provided music for a dance! And, over this enormous piece of success, the company fall to a supper of macaroni, and afterward sleep the sleep of the happy poor, on a bed of straw. A considerable proportion of the Italians arriving in New York, with the intention of settling in the West or Southwest, work their way to their destination with a hand-organ, which they either purchase or hire. Traveling in this adventurous way from town to town, they generally choose an abiding-place; and we are informed that there are colonies in the South consisting almost entirely of men who ground their way from Northern seaports, spreading on their journey the beauties of the latest comic and sentimental songs.

The organ-grinder is as welcome a guest in remote country villages as the peddler and street-acrobat. His coming is an excitement, and his going is a regret. The town authorities look at him askance, but never bring their ordinances against him; and the farmer to whom he applies for a night's lodging in the barn abuses him for a vagabond, but never dreams of refusing him permission. By

particular request of all the old women, he strains out the "Swanee River" repeatedly, and he sets all the youngsters frantic with the liquid sweetness of "Awfully Clever." The numbers of his *répertoire* comprise all their knowledge of profane music, in fact; and, while occasionally pandering to the depravity that admires "Captain Jinks," he merits credit for educating his audiences up to the classical severities of "Traviata" and "Trovatore." If he adds to his other attractions that of a trained monkey, an ovation is sure to greet him; but trained monkeys are not considered legitimate by the profession, and are falling into the oblivion that has already enshrouded the once popular performing dogs of the stage. Moreover, they are expensive and troublesome; the market value of an accomplished white-faced and ring-tailed monkey being as much as forty or fifty dollars, aside from the high cost of maintenance.

The maimed soldiers of the last war, whose music varies the monotonous roar of traffic in the busy thoroughfares, excite more sympathy than the able-bodied Italians, and often earn twice as much money. Their picturesque appearance, the frayed but cleanly uniform, and the handsome face, appeal strongly to the patriotism of women, and seldom in vain. They, too, wander through the country from town to town, and reappear in the city on pension-day. Many of them are loose and reckless; the audacity through which they were crippled clings to them still, and some may be met who are both witty and accomplished. Not many days ago, we found four of them in a hand-organ factory, where they were testing a new instrument. These were — Lovegrove, formerly of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, who lost one arm in a general engagement at Petersburg, Virginia, on August 18, 1864; Richard Rielly, who lost a leg at Gettysburg; and John Skelton, who lost both arms also at Gettysburg. Fine, strapping fellows they had been, all reaching a height of six feet, and still ruddy with the bloom of health. But the fourth, whose name we did not ask, had lost both legs, and yet seemed robust in the remaining half of his body. Over six feet high he had been, but now he was compelled to look up to the small boy who carried his organ for him. Pitiable as they all appeared, they were still full of mirth and mischief.

"It is a rough sort of life we lead, sir," said Lovegrove, "and you may think it humiliating; but what else can we do? There's, yours truly, Dickey Rielly, over there, a man with a family of five children and a wife. He ain't no mechanic, nor no politician, and ain't even fit for a letter-carrier, both of his paws being gone. All he can do for a livin' is grinding away a good many hours every day, and takin' whatever he can get in reward."

"Yes, sir," continued Rielly, joining the conversation, "it is a mighty mean business; but then there are things in it that ain't so bad. A thousand people pass us by unnoticed, but a kind hundred notice us and smile on us friendly. The women patronize us most, of course, and show a good deal of interest in us, considering what we are. For a spell I used to stand in City Hall Square, and begin work at six o'clock in the morning during

summer. There were some work-girls who never went past without dropping a penny into my tray, and some of them looked so hard up themselves that I didn't feel half comfortable in taking their money.—How many of us in the business? Oh, swarms! There ain't many as draws pensions that haven't tried it, though they won't own to it. Some days, you see, we make more than a pretty good mechanic—as much as five or six dollars, and other days not more than two or three dollars; but it all depends on the state of the weather, and the prosperoussness of the times."

While we were in the factory, we learned that a good hand-organ, playing nine tunes, costs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, and that it will be worn out by the constant usage of a year. The Italians, however, are exceedingly careful with them, and preserve them for a much longer time. New tunes can be placed on old organs, and, with extra barrels, the programme may be extended to any length.

"The principle of the hand-organ," said the manufacturer, with manifest pride, "is exactly that of a church-organ. The barrel, which is turned by the handle, is furnished by a number of brass pins; and, as it revolves, these pins take the place of human fingers by touching the requisite keys of the pipes. The bellows are underneath, and are also worked by the crank. The purchaser may select his own tunes, which we can always give, though sometimes we are obliged to cut out parts in order to make the thing come out right. The favorite tunes at present are, 'I'm Waiting for Thee,' 'The Devil's Dream,' and 'Dear Father, Dear Father, Come Home.' The tastes of the public are retrograde, sir, and operatic selections are out of vogue," concluded the manufacturer, with the sonoroussness of one of his own instruments.

There is another species of the street Orpheus which is unfortunately multiplying with alarming rapidity under the fostering care of misdirected charity. Crouching, after night-fall, in the shadows, at the base of the street-lamps, numerous specimens are to be found. Women they are, ragged, foul, and altogether repulsive creatures, clutching a child in one arm, and grinding at a very small organ with the other. Their miserable little instruments have been knocked out of order so thoroughly that the sound they produce is of the most plaintive kind; and, combined with the theatrical dolor of the player's attitude, it very easily stirs the sympathies of the charitable. We counted eight of these mendicants in the vicinity of Union Square one evening, and all of them were reaping a fair harvest of pennies. They are mostly vicious Italians; the children they carry are seldom their own, and have sometimes been found in a terrible state of emaciation, caused by ill-treatment. But, even after all this is known, we fear that, when the reader, passing through the streets on an icy night, meets one of these groups, his kind heart will not know how to resist the appeal of the two bleary eyes peeping at him out of the shadows, and the supplicating woe of the shabby little German organ.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

## MISCELLANY.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD WAGNER.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

WALKING down the quiet Main Street of the pleasant city of Bayreuth, I stopped at a small, one-story cottage, and rang the door-bell.

A handsome lady appeared in response.

"Is Herr Wagner in?" I asked.

"He is at the opera-house," she answered.

"Have you any message to leave?"

I answered in the negative, and she directed me where to go.

Five minutes later I was at the spot. The dimensions of this new Wagnerian opera-house are truly colossal. Imagine the three largest theatres of Berlin thrown into one, and you have an idea of the enormous edifice now in course of erection for no other purpose than to enable representations of the Wagnerian music of the future to be given in a style such as the works of no operatic composer have enjoyed.

I asked a laborer to tell me where I could find Richard Wagner.

"There he stands," he replied, pointing to a group of carpenters. All of them were in their shirt-sleeves.

One was a tall man, with black hair, swarthy complexion, and most remarkably chiseled features.

That was Wagner, the composer of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin."

I hastened to him and said:

"Herr Richard Wagner?"

He turned round to me, and, acknowledging my address, took from me the letter of introduction I presented to him.

It was from Joachim, the great violinist, his most intimate friend. He read it carefully, and said, then:

"My friend Joachim writes to me that you would like to hear all about my opera-house."

"There have been rumors," I replied, "that you would abandon the whole enterprise, owing to the exhaustion of the funds collected for it."

He said, laughingly:

"I know that my enemies have circulated that report. But it is groundless. Among my friends the rumor has never found any credence. They know better. They know that I never gave up any thing, no matter how great the obstacles I had to surmount. Here," he added, pointing to the unfinished edifice, "that has cost me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, I need three times that amount more. Last week I had but twelve thousand dollars in my exchequer. Yesterday I received a letter inclosing an order for three hundred thousand dollars more. You will go home with me. I will show it to you. Whom do you suppose this generous gift is from?"

I said I could not guess who the generous donor was.

Why, his Bavarian majesty sent me that princely gift," he said, laughing.

"King Lewis?" I exclaimed, "but—"

"Ah!" he interrupted, gayly, "you think what most people believe, that the king and I are enemies. There is nothing in that report either. King Lewis II. has a head of his own, and so have I. But, if we quarrel sometimes, we still remain friends. The king gave me one hundred thousand dollars for my theatre before."

All this conversation had been carried on in the presence of several carpenters. Herr Wagner gave them some instructions, and then conducted me round the theatre as far as it was finished.

I was especially struck with the colossal dimensions of the stage.

"But this will require an immense orchestra," I exclaimed.

"No fewer than three hundred performers," said Richard Wagner, gravely. "I have written my operas for vast orchestras. 'Tannhäuser,' my first opera here, will have a band of the above number of instruments. There will be seventy-five violins, and twenty-five trombones. Then will people, for the first time, learn what I intended with the overture."

"Will not the expense be very heavy?" I asked.

"For the musicians and singers? No. I have now more applications for gratuitous co-operation from first-class singers and musicians than I can use. Joachim will lead the violins, Liszt will preside at the organ. And," he added, with glowing face, "that organ will be a superb one—more powerful and melodious than the one at Ulm, although it will not be quite so large. That organ will be a present, too," he added, gayly.

"But what will be the destination of your grand opera-house permanently?" I inquired.

"I shall present it to the nation in 1878," he replied, gravely, "on condition that every year once, for two weeks, deserving operas of young German composers be performed there in imposing style. Thus my opera-house will become a national institution in the truest sense of the word—an institution that no other civilized country can boast of; and the annual performances in it will be something like the Olympic games in ancient Greece; grand, superb festivals of art; tributes to genius which will have a sympathetic echo throughout the world."

The maestro's face glowed with enthusiasm as he uttered these eloquent words.

"Let us go home," he said, after a brief pause; and we walked slowly up Main Street again.

Every now and then a citizen passed us. All of them greeted Richard Wagner with affectionate reverence. The people of Bayreuth seem to understand how much lustre the great enterprise of Wagner will shed upon their humble city. They have already made him an honorary citizen of Bayreuth, a distinction conferred on no one except him and Bismarck.

At Wagner's house I was introduced to his wife, a beautiful and accomplished lady, and a true helpmate to her eminent husband. She is his secretary and cashier. She showed me the above-mentioned letter from the King of Bavaria, and allowed me to copy it. It was very brief, and to the point.

"HOHNSCHWANGAU,  
October 15, 1873.

"MY DEAR WAGNER: Here are three hundred thousand dollars more for your opera-house. That sum, I trust, will be sufficient.

"LEWIS."

"And when will the opera-house be opened?" I asked.

"If I live," replied Wagner, solemnly, "on the 1st of May, 1875. It cannot be done before. On that occasion we shall have an audience such as has never been assembled in a theatre before. Already have I invited all well-known operatic composers, even my bitterest enemies. Nearly all of them have answered that they would be present. Of course, the kings and emperors will be here, too. It will be a grand festival for little Bayreuth. Three new hotels will be built by that time."

And thus the great man chatted on.

I left him with the impression that he is the most genial, energetic, and modest of all the eminent composers I had ever met with in my long musical career.—From the Leipzig Musical Gazette, by J. C. Lobe.

## CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

HUMAN life, like every other aboriginal feature, is limited by the arid interior, in numbers and character and vigor. The less game, the fewer natives; and without water, neither. Throughout Central Australia natives wander hundreds of miles, from one well in sand-hills to another, from one dried-up water-hole to another, brackish and salt. One small party is enough for any one camp, and the camps are too far apart for any gathering or increase into what can be called a tribe. They are here a miserable, weak race; struggling hard for existence in dry seasons, and camping listlessly upon the lakes and lagoons and marshes of wet seasons. They eat more rats than kangaroos in the plains, and more frogs than fish on the river-banks; but, upon the downs, or inland slopes of the margin of the great plain, they are better off and are better men. They have some constant streams, some game in any season; and, if the seasons limit their numbers, dearth and famine are rarely before them. On the coast-country they are most numerous. The greatest friend to the savage is the sea; all lands, however rich the interior may be in game, carry more population on the seaboard than in any other tract. And the estimates of travelers, particularly navigators, as to the population of islands, is almost invariably exaggerated, for the reason that they see upon the shores an excessive proportion, perhaps nearly all, of the whole people.

The distribution of the indigenous population is illustrated by the number of dialects. In the interior, one dialect is known over an immense area. It is spoken from the Murray, or, at least, the lower Darling, far up into Queensland, and westward into South Australia; it is said to be a common language to many inland tribes, who may have each separate dialects of their own; and it will assist the traveler over a thousand miles of country. But, upon the eastern margin, different from all the other edges of the great plain, where many rivers drain the rich western slopes of the Cordillera, most of the rivers have a separate tribe and a distinct dialect. In the interior the tribes or families may meet; they will rarely fight; their necessity compels them to communicate with each other. But upon the better country and the more bounteous rivers they may meet, with their waters, but not to join; they may fight, but they are not compelled to have a common language. And upon the coast, so numerous are the tribes and dialects, particularly in the tropics, that a shipwrecked seaman, who had lived seventeen years with the natives upon the Queensland coast before it was settled, could not, when he returned to civilization, interpret for tribes a hundred miles distant from his recent home. He said the tribe he lived with never went beyond a radius of fifty or sixty miles. Yet every headland and bay and island shows signs of native life. There are many people on the coasts, particularly in the tropical islands, but so very few in the interior that it might be called almost uninhabited. And this paucity of population contrasts strangely with other lands. No equal tract of country in almost any climate supports so few men. The so-called deserts of Africa are richer in all life, vegetable, animal, and human, beyond all comparison; and how widely different was America when first opened up! The first explorers, or, as they called themselves, the conquerors, of Florida, came to a great river in the interior; they found countless villages along both banks, at short distances apart; some camps could muster a thousand warriors; and this dense population lived by the chase and by the river, with the little maize their women grew. Well might the pioneers, baffled in their search for gold and silver, re-

flect, on their return, that the land and the climate of this Father of Rivers was a greater treasure than the plunder they had hoped for.

But the inferiority of the aboriginal race is shown more by its extremely low standard of intellect than by its numerical weakness. The race is without vigor, much less ferocity or warlike energy; it is listless, by no means aggressive; it is held down by the continual struggle with Nature, and only survives as a wretched specimen of humanity. Some races are conquered or spoiled by the luxuriant kindness of Nature, as in tropical gardens; and others are overcome in the fight against starvation, as in the polar wastes. But here we have a race first enervated by a mild, temperate climate, which has no winter nor a regularity of season, and then subjected to uncertain extremes of drought and famine. The coldest season in Australia, except upon the highest southern ranges, cannot be called a winter; it requires no provision to be made against it, so the people have no thought of to-morrow; they are utterly improvident. The driest and the wettest season cannot be foretold; they occur at ever-varying intervals, not of months, but of years; they cannot be anticipated, so the people are careless, listless, and hopeless in calamity. The struggles required to survive are frequent and severe, but the mild climate never braces her children for that struggle. Intellectually, as physically, the race is poor and weak. Ignorant beyond comparison, they are abjectly subject to terror, yet have not acquired a mythology, nor any one general superstition.

In the darkest forest, beneath the highest mountains, by the dreary, silent lakes of the southern highlands, they have retained the tradition of some animal, probably an inland seal, which is now extinct. They have, in their ignorance, learned to dread the reappearance of this animal, and have some common feeling approaching a superstition regarding it. White men came, and spoke of a devil. Now the step is short from their "banyip" to this "devil," so they learned a superstition. But it is not indigenous. Where there is no tradition of an extinct animal, as in the north of the continent, there is neither banyip nor devil; few aborigines have any such idea, even from white men. It has been stated that they have an idea of the Supreme Being, and of the transmigration of souls; but he who has been conversant with untutored "black-fellows," he who has spent weeks and months with his black boy, riding alongside daily, and camping at the same fire nightly, and who has thoroughly surveyed that savage's mental range, knows well that there is not only no glimmering of such conceptions in that mind, but that these are quite beyond the grasp of such a weak intelligence.—*Rankin's "Australia."*

## HUNTING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"Bold Nimrod first the savage chase began,  
A mighty hunter, and his game was man."

POPE.

JAMES I. has been styled the British Nimrod, and, looking at the accounts given by Chamberlain and other writers of that day, respecting this monarch's love of the chase, one can but think the name appropriate. Nevertheless, the description of the king, pale with excitement, his hunting-costume splashed from spur to plume with mud, plunging his unbooted limbs in the warm, reeking entrails of the broken-up deer, is by no means a pleasing one to dwell on. Yet he had a good "raison," as an Irish servant of mine used to say, for such proceedings. Sir Theodore Mayerne, who was then court physician, had recommended them as the "sovereign things" in the world for "gouty twinges."

"My health," said the king, "is necessary

for the state, and the chase is necessary for my health, therefore I am doing the public a service." Good logic this. I have no doubt but that every good sportsman has as fair a reason to give for following his favorite pursuit.

There is an amusing tale told of James, who was greatly disgusted with his brother-in-law, Christian of Denmark, for having spoken disparagingly of English hunting. The royal Dane had said that it was an amusement in which more horses were in England killed in jest than in the Low Country wars were consumed in earnest, so the English king, after giving way to a slight outburst of words unfit for pen polite to indicate, growled out that he knew not what sport "Thor and Woden" might show in their Scandinavian heaven, but flesh and blood could show no better than he had done in England.

Those were the good old days when St. John's Wood and the great forests all around Newington abounded with stags and fallow deer, when pheasants in their leafy coverts and timid hares ran wild over the ground now covered with ornamental villas.

James was wont to sleep occasionally in Lord Arundel's house, at Highgate, in order that he might be up with the morn to hunt the stag in St. John's Wood—the last stag one has any recollection of reading about as having been hunted in the London streets was a deer that took shelter in a house near Russell Square (Mr. Granley Berkeley gives a most amusing account of it in one of his works)—accompanied by his "little beagle," as he had nicknamed Cecil. But Puritans, as well as stags, sometimes sought refuge in the brake of Newington Woods, for we read in some state papers of trembling sinners hiding from Archbishop Laud, and a gallant buck having been unharnessed one fine Monday morning from a secluded dingle in those parts.

There were seven royal hunting establishments in those times, and the king had distinct packs of hounds for the different kinds of animals he chased—stag, red deer, roebuck, fox, wolf, hare, and otter, together with badger, bear, and bull dogs, not forgetting teams of spaniels, were kept by the British Nimrod, and in attendance on these sports were officers whose titles sound strangely in the present day.

He had "lumbermen of the buckhounds," "yeomen and children of the leash," "tents and toils" (these last were small pages who held relays of fresh dogs), "masters of the game," "sergeants of the staghounds," and a host of others. Occasionally the royal staghounds lost the deer, and took to hunting foxes, a proceeding which, according to Lord Stafford, put his majesty to "marvellous chafe." On one occasion, when so riled, just as James was giving vent to his wrath in a few oaths, a clown galloped up to the king, and, staring him full in the face, exclaimed, "Mass! am I come forty miles to see a fellow!" The king, it is said, laughed the loudest of all, but that very same day he created a new office, making a marshal of the field, whose duty it became to see that no idle spectators interrupted the sports.

When he hunted the fen country (for the deer often sought safety in the meres surrounded by marshes), he engaged a party of "fen-men" to go on stilts and drive out the game, as the Bretons do in the Landes, creating Sir George Carew leader of the "stilts-men," and this gentleman was always obliged to be ready with a staff of men in uniform when the royal hounds hunted that district.

The stag (in the twelfth century) was considered equal in value to an ox, a hind to a well-grown cow, and a roe to a goat. This was in Wales, where the king had the power

of hunting wheresoever it pleased him in his own dominions. If, however, the stag was pursued and killed on any gentleman's estate and was not followed and claimed by the huntsman the same night, the owner of the land was allowed to take it, but he could be punished if he did not take care of the bounds, and likewise preserve the skin of the animal for their owner's use.

Fox-hunting is of modern date as a sport, compared with stag-hunting; the latter was an object of the chase at a very early period, at a time when the wolf and boar were common in England.

Chetwode, in Buckinghamshire, was a famous place for wild-boars. There was a large forest there called "Rookwood," and this forest was frequented by an enormous wild-boar; he was like the "man-eating tiger," a perfect terror to the inhabitants, so the lord of the manor determined to free the neighborhood from such a pest. He sallied forth, and, as related in an old song, "fought four hours in a long summer day."

"When Sir Ryalas he drew his broadsword with might—

Wind well thy horn, good hunter!—

And fairly he cut the boar's head off quite,

For he was a jovial hunter."

The king, hearing of this mighty deed, made the Lord of Chetwode tenant in capite, and granted him the royal forest of Rookwood. So runs the old story, and at one time there existed a large mound surrounded by a ditch, called the "Boar's Pond," about a mile distant from the manor-house. Some sixty years ago the farmer who rented the land, wishing to cultivate it, began to fill the ditch by leveling the mound, and came upon the skeleton of an enormous boar lying flat upon its side at full length.

Berne Wood and Rookwood forests were the favorite hunting-grounds of "Edward the Confessor," and, when we remember how powerful a beast the wild-boar was, we need not feel surprised that his destruction was deemed, in the middle ages, a deed of chivalry. Venus, according to Shakespeare, tries to dissuade Adonis from the sport, and Homer has some magnificent lines descriptive of a fight between two wild-boars.

It was but rarely that a boar-hunt did not prove fatal to several of the hounds engaged in it, and the ninth Earl of Oxford was killed in the year 1395 by a boar he was pursuing. He should have taken "Aristotle" with him, and, like the student of Queen's College, Oxford, have choked the savage with the sage.—*Land and Water.*

#### ASHANTEE FETICHES.

THEIR fetiches or subordinate deities are supposed to inhabit particular rivers, woods, and mountains, as the imaginary deities of the Celts. They are venerated in proportion as their predictions (always equivocal) chance to be realized. The present favorite fetich of Ashantee is that of the river Tando, Cobee; a river in Dankara, and Odentee on the Adirree, are two of the others.

The kings, caboceers, and the higher class, are believed to dwell with the superior Deity after death, enjoying an eternal renewal of the state and luxury they possessed on earth. It is with this impression that they kill a certain number of both sexes at the funeral customs, to accompany the deceased, to announce his distinction, and to administer to his pleasures.

The spirits of the inferior classes are believed to inhabit the houses of the fetich in a state of torpid indolence, which recompenses them for the drudgery of their lives, and which is truly congenial to the feelings of the negro. Those of superior wisdom and experience are said to be endowed with foresight

after death, and to be appointed to observe the lives and advise the good of those mortals who acknowledge the fetich; their state corresponding, in short, with that of the first race of men after death, as described by Hesioid. Those whose enormities nullify the mediation of the funeral custom, or whom neglect or circumstances might have deprived of it, are doomed, in the imagination of others, to haunt the gloom of the forest, stealing occasionally to their former abodes in rare but lingering visits. Those who have neglected the custom or funeral rites of their family, are thought to be accursed and troubled by their spirits.

There are two orders of fetich-men. The first class dwell with the fetich, who has a small round house, built generally at a distance from the town. They question the oracle respecting the future fortune of a state or an individual, convey its advice, and enjoin the attention of the *audible* spirits of those any member of their family would question respecting property or domestic circum-

stances. The inferior class pursue their various occupations in society, assist in customs and superstitious ceremonies, and are applied to as fortune-tellers or conjurers are in Europe; especially in cases of theft, when, from a secret system of espionage, and a reluctance, frequently amounting to a refusal to discover the culprit, or to do more than replace the property whence it was taken, they are generally successful. The magical ceremony consists in knotting, confusing, and dividing behind the back, several strings and shreds of leather. They are also frequently applied to by slippery wives to work charms to keep their husbands in ignorance of a projected intrigue, which they affect to do.

The primary dignity is hereditary in families, as the priesthood was in Egypt, celibacy not being enjoined; their property is also hereditary, and they possess other immunities. The latter order is frequently augmented by those who declare that the fetich has suddenly seized or come upon them, and who, after inflicting great severities on themselves, in the manner of the convulsionists, are ultimately acknowledged. The fetich-women, generally preferred for medical aid, as they possess a thorough knowledge of barks and herbs, deleterious and sanative, closely resemble the second class of Druidesses as described, I think, by Mela—they seem licensed prostitutes, before and after marriage.

The present state of these people, referring them to a comparison with the nations of ancient Europe, the close resemblance of many points of their superstition to relative particulars recorded of Greece and Gaul, recall the following reflection of an eminent writer: "The truth is, there is hardly anything more surprising in the history of mankind than the similitude, or rather identity, of the opinions, institutions, and manners of all these orders of ancient priests, though they lived under such different climates, and at so great a distance from one another, without intercourse or communication. This amounts to a demonstration that all these opinions and institutions flowed originally from one fountain."

Half the offerings to the fetich are pretended to be thrown into the river, the other half belongs to the priests. The king's offering is generally ten ounces and three or four slaves; that of a poor subject about four ackies. Children are frequently vowed to the service of the fetich before their birth. A slave, flying to the temple, may dash or devote himself to the fetich; but, by paying a fee of two ounces of gold and four sheep, any person shuts the door of the fetich-house against all his runaway slaves.

Every family has a variety of domestic fetiches, furnished by the priests, and an-

swering to the penates of the Romans; some are wooden figures, others of arbitrary shapes and materials; they receive offerings and libations at the *yam* custom, but are not brought out of the house.

In Ashantee there is not a common fetich-day, as on the coast. Different families solemnize different days of the week, by wearing white cloths, abstaining from palm-wine and labor, as they do the day of the week on which they were born, which is in fact their second fetich-day. The king's family keep Tuesday as their fetich-day; Odumatas, Friday. Saturday was the king's birthday, when, as well as on his fetich-day, he always sat on a stool placed before his chair as a footstool would be. Some families never eat beef, others abstain from pork. Fowls and beef are the fetich of the king's family, and consequently never eaten by it.—*Boxdick's "Mission to Ashantee."*

#### IN THE HOHENZOLLERN HOSPODAR'S PALACE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

For seven years past, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern has now filled the difficult and dangerous place of Hosподар of Roumania. His position has certainly not been a pleasant one. Almost every two or three months he has threatened to resign his crown of thorns. He himself does not deny that his life is almost constantly in danger, and, in his palace, he almost leads the life of a hermit.

When I applied, in August last, for admittance to his highness at the old palace in Bucharest, I had infinite trouble to get in. The hosподар has his apartments on the second floor of the vast old pile, which is in a very dilapidated condition; and, in every other royal palace, I would have hardly had to pass one or two sentinels. Here I had to run the gauntlet of ten or twelve; and, at the landing, I was solemnly received by an officer, who questioned me severely before he consented to take my letter of introduction to the hosподар.

Years ago, I had been a second-lieutenant in the Prussian regiment of Queen's Dragoons, in which Prince Charles at the time had been major. As a matter of course, I was immediately admitted.

I was really surprised upon the scene which met my eyes as I entered the hosподар's study. A vast room, with a marble floor; the walls hung with silk tapestry; mirrors, in old-fashioned frames, everywhere; two or three tables, of quaint Eastern workmanship; no chairs, but four divans; books, papers, maps, in rich and picturesque profusion; also a few arms and portraits, very poor ones at that, of former princes of Moldavia and Wallachia—such was the appearance of the room in which the present chief of the Danubian Principalities passes most of his time.

Strangely enough, the place in front of the windows of this apartment is the one where one of Prince Charles's predecessors, Georges de Riko, was cruelly tortured to death by order of the Turkish sultan. Truly, a cheerful view!

Prince Charles himself, as he received me, smiled pleasantly. He always was a faithful soldier of Prussia, and to have been a comrade of his is the surest key to his heart.

He wondered what had brought me to Bucharest at this unpropitious season. I replied that I had come on a botanical and mineralogical mission, and desired a letter from him which I might use for protection's sake in the more remote parts of Roumania. This request was immediately granted, and the hosподар, opening his writing-desk, took out a pen and paper, and wrote me the few

lines I required. He then opened another drawer to take out his quaint-looking seal. As he did so, I noticed that there were several revolvers in the drawer. Two pistols hung above me near the divan on which I was seated; and I noticed, furthermore, that the door of the room contained a double spring-lock. Finally, there was in this prince's study what is, perhaps, found in no other palace of royalty—a telegraphic instrument, probably to summon assistance from the police-office or the War Department—everywhere, indeed, ample precautions, in case of a sudden assault, such as led to the overthrow of Prince Couza.

Prince Charles, after handing me the letter, and expressing with a singular smile, which I believed I understood very well, the hope that it would do me all the good I expected from it, began to chat pleasantly with me about our old regimental times. He sighed again and again when I told him the exciting history of the regiment during the late war with France; and he said, with a sad smile: "Had I remained in that regiment, and had God spared my life, I might have been a general by this time." I nodded my head. "But perhaps," continued the prince, "I might have fared as badly as my poor brother Anthony did at Königgratz" (where he fell).

I asked about the Roumanian army. The prince shook his head. "Excellent fighting material," he said; "but it is impossible to make them understand the first word of discipline."

He next took me into an adjoining cabinet, the door also containing a double spring-lock. This room was filled with small puppets, dressed in military uniform. These were representatives of all the arms of the Roumanian army. Their uniform was but slightly different from that of the Prussian soldiers. The prince explained every thing to me, and he repeated his regrets at the lack of discipline among the Roumanian soldiers. The puppets performed the regular drill by means of a most ingenious machinery. "It is the work of a mechanic of Bucharest." It was truly admirable.

I wanted to take my departure. "You must first see my coins," said the hospodar; and he opened an elegant rosewood bureau. Almost everybody has his hobby, and Prince Charles is a passionate collector of numismatic curiosities. I was amused at the enthusiasm with which he showed me old copper *bajouki*, American cents, and the like, all of which, he said, were invaluable.

"Give my best respects to our old comrades, if you see them," said the hospodar, cordially shaking me by the hand. I thought that he looked at least twenty years older, and decidedly unhappier, than when I saw him a few years before as a Prussian major.—*Vienna Presse.*

#### AN EVENING WITH AUSTRIA'S FOREMOST STATESMAN.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

AUSTRIA is at present, almost in every respect, a continuous contradiction of its history of twenty or twenty-five years ago. Only the emperor has remained; all those who, in 1848, when he ascended the throne, were his truest advisers, are now in disgrace or forced retirements, while their places have been taken by the very men whom Francis Joseph then declared outlaws, and whom, had he caught them at that time, he would have incontinently sent to the scaffold.

But the most marvelous of all the examples of rapid and astounding changes among the public men of Austria, is that of the foremost of them—of Count Andrassy—who now holds the office filled, for so many years in so conspicuous and yet so gloomy a

manner, by the late Prince Clement Metternich.

On September 19, 1849, the following startling announcement appeared in the official *Vienna Gazette*:

"Has been sentenced to death, *in contumaciam*, by the royal imperial court-martial at Pesth, Lajos Count Andrassy, aged twenty-four, for high-treason. A reward of five thousand florins is offered for the head of this audacious traitor.

"The imperial chancellor,

"PRINCE FELIX SCHWARZENBERG."

Of this grim advertisement I thought, when I looked, the other day, at this invitation:

"IMPERIAL CHANCELLERIE,  
VIENNA, October 12, 1873.

"The Count and Countess Andrassy request your visit at their regular reception to-morrow evening."

This invitation was written at the very palace, perhaps in the very room, where, in 1849, Prince Schwarzenberg signed the offer of reward for the count's head!

Of course I complied with the invitation. I had never seen Count Andrassy. I was among the earliest of the guests, and so, in bowing to him and his still beautiful wife, I had an excellent opportunity to exchange a few words with him, and then to observe him closely.

As usual, he wore the uniform of an Hungarian colonel. His face is not exactly handsome, although he looks very much like the notorious Arthur Görgey, but there is a mobility in his features, a lustre in his deep-black eyes, and an aristocratic expression in his finely-chiseled nose, which render his countenance extremely attractive. In this expressive and interesting face there are numbers of deep lines, each of which tells the story of the long sufferings and privations through which Count Andrassy had to pass during the many years of his exile. Few of his distinguished compatriots were poorer than he. One day he was nearly famished in London, and he knocked at Mazzini's door for a loan. The great Italian agitator, at the time, was likewise greatly pressed for money; but he found in his pocket a sovereign for young Andrassy. On that sovereign the future Chancellor of Austria lived fully three weeks! He married his wife—who, against the wishes of her parents, followed him to London—in a dingy little church in Holborn. He paid the preacher a shilling for the ceremony, and his wife wore a cheap calico dress. That night when I saw her first, she wore diamonds to the value of many thousand florins. She addressed me in Hungarian, and, being playfully told by her husband that I did not speak that "barbarous" tongue, she began to chat gayly about the little events of the day. Had I seen Gounod's opera last night? "Superb, was it not?" Would I be at the ball of the Princess Esterhazy to-morrow? "It will be very brilliant." And so on, until Count Andrassy asked me about the French Assembly, I having told him that I had just arrived from Versailles. In twenty words I told him what I thought of it. He laughed, and told me he had been in Paris in 1850, and had then got enough of the noise and nonsense always prevalent in a French Parliament.

"It is strange," he said, "that the French, who generally are so polite, will in the legislature grossly insult each other about the vilest trifles."

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of General von Schweinitz, the German ambassador—a very fine-looking Prussian aristocrat. He shook hands very cordially with Count Andrassy, and then the two went arm-in-arm into an adjoining room, leaving

the countess in an animated conversation with the Turkish ambassador.

I looked at the paintings on the wall. An old portrait of Prince Talleyrand attracted my attention. A venerable steward, who stood close to me, told me that Talleyrand had resided in this palace in 1815, and that, in the adjoining room, he had received the startling news of Napoleon's departure from Elba.

Many of the guests were pointed out to me as former revolutionists. One of the most striking of these was General Klapka, the heroic defender of Comorn. I saw him chatting and laughing with an old Austrian field-marshall, perhaps the very officer who, in 1849, threatened to put him and the rest of the defenders of Comorn to the sword, if the resistance of the fortress were prolonged!

#### SINAI TO AKABAH.

NOTHING can exceed the savage grandeur and magnificence of the scenery in the midst of which we journeyed on the following day—from the wide, sandy expanse of the Wady Ghuzaleh, through the tremendous gorges of the Wady-el-Ain, until our night's abode was reached within sight of the calm waters of the Gulf of Elath, which reflected the glories of an Eastern sunset. It seems to me that the published descriptions of this part of the route to Akabah give far too meagre an account of its truly grand features, which impressed themselves in the strongest manner both upon my companions and myself. Nothing in the whole Sinaitic peninsula that we had yet seen came up to the Alpine magnificence of the towering cliffs, and the extraordinary narrowness of those defiles through which we threaded our way, makes the impending mountain-heights seem more gloomy and awful. We kept for some time along the Wady Ghuzaleh, which, curiously enough, has on one side granite rocks, and sandstone on the other. About ten o'clock we came upon a range of noble mountains, apparently of almost equal altitude with any we had yet seen. They rose up in our front, seemingly barring all further passage that way—their serrated, sharp peaks soaring far into the thin, blue atmosphere, until they almost kissed the sky.

A green oasis of palm and tamarisk trees, with grass and reeds growing near a crystal stream, now greets the thirsty traveler's eye, causing a pleasant thrill of expectation. On reaching this we found that there was a beautifully clear flowing stream, meandering amid a surrounding fringe of grass and rushes, until it was eventually swallowed up by the inexorable sand. The camels eagerly drank from its limpid pools, and we enjoyed the first draught of really pure water which had passed our lips for some days. But we were now wholly taken up with the extreme grandeur of the wonderful Wady-el-Ain, whose tortuous length we traversed during the rest of the day. We entered by a narrow gorge, not more than twenty or thirty feet wide, and, glancing up at its beetling sides, we beheld great granite masses rising precipitously aloft until, in some parts, they nearly met overhead. Above this again, crag upon crag, peak upon peak, succeeded one another, until the mountain-tops were seen far up against the azure sky. The rocks were beautifully streaked and colored. Sometimes a long vein of dark porphyry, of a perfectly uniform breadth, would run obliquely along the mountain-side for a long distance. Then strata of red-and-black granite would be seen in juxtaposition, and masses of débris lay strewed in all directions. At each sharp turn of the dark defile, a vast opposing wall of towering rock frowned sternly down upon the daring intruders who sought to enter this enchanted region. Resembling the desolate magnificence of Alpine fastnesses, without their clothing

of dark-green pines or their snowy summits, these inaccessible heights had a grandeur peculiar to themselves. There was an utter and overpowering stillness here, which cast a spell upon the senses. No roar of falling torrent, or crash of an avalanche, reechoed from crag to crag—hushed and death-like were the dark recesses of the valley. Even the harsh scream of the eagle was absent, though those inaccessible peaks might well be his home. No doubt there are times when the awful voice of the tempest thunders amid those far-off peaks, but now a quivering, fleecy mist alone hung lightly on their rent sides.

It was a scene that the pencil of a Martin or a Doré would love to depict, and irresistibly suggested thoughts of some of the paintings of those artists. "Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion," Rasselas striving to find a way out of the "Happy Valley," one of the terrific gorges of the "Inferno," or similar subjects, would find appropriate surroundings in this profound abyss.

There were occasional palm and tamarisk trees nesting in sheltered corners of the narrow pass, while many caper-plants and a stray wild fig-tree here and there relieved the dull red hue of the cliffs. We were nearly four hours in journeying through this tremendous mountain-defile, which grows much wider as the wady approaches the shores of the Gulf of Akabah. The course of the winter's torrents is very distinctly defined on its sandy surface—long, sweeping tracks through the gravel, huge boulders flung up near the cliffs, and sometimes a fallen palm-tree, whose shattered trunk attests to the fury of the stream. At last, at about five in the afternoon, we came within sight of the coral strand of that deserted sea where once floated the proud fleets of Solomon, laden with the gold of Ophir and spices from far-distant India. A beautiful violet that bathed the mountain-ranges on the opposite shore, for the sun was fast sinking below the horizon.—*Maughan's "Alps of Arabia."*

#### THE GYPSY QUARTER AT GRANADA.

ANOTHER day we took a guide, and went off to the gypsy quarter. We wished to walk, but the guide would not hear of any thing so beneath his dignity, not to mention the fatigue. So away we rumbled, in a most extraordinary vehicle, something between an omnibus and a vetturino-carriage; the roads were like dry, stony water-courses, and frequently the sharp turns and the precipices would have been startling, had we not been prepared for any amount of queerness. I am rather surprised we were not upset.

The gypsy quarter, on the opposite side of the Darro from the Alhambra, is wonderfully beautiful, and exceedingly odd. The gypsies live underground, in caves covered with thickets of prickly-pears, of which the fruit is said to be the best of the kind in Granada, owing to the heat of the houses. Most of the gypsy aristocracy are blacksmiths, who keep up a large fire; besides which the sun beats on those slopes all day long: so, what with the heat above and the heat below, the fruit is forced into a size and juiciness quite remarkable. We were told that at night those gypsy caves look absolutely demoniacal, with the red firelight coming out of the ground, and the swarthy figures of the inhabitants flitting about; but we never had courage to venture there after dark.

No carriage can enter this quarter, the road being too narrow; so we were obliged to get out and walk. This we did rather nervously, as we had been told appalling stories of the ferocity and insolence of the gypsies. We need not have been afraid; they were perfectly polite—more so, indeed, than the Castillians, as the natives of Granada choose,

without the slightest right, to call themselves. The lower orders of Granada struck us as being usually less courteous and more ferocious than in any other part of Spain. Of course, to this there are exceptions: all the officials, gardeners, laborers, and peasants in general, were politeness itself; and the upper classes there, as elsewhere in Spain, are unrivaled in courtesy and kindness. But there seemed to be always a good many roughs hanging about, both in the streets and on the outskirts of the town. Perhaps this was partly owing to the seething republicanism, then at the very point of boiling over; we were told, however, by Spaniards, that the population of the kingdom of Granada, including Malaga and the Alpujarras, had always borne a rather savage character.

We went into one of the gypsy caves, in spite of the remonstrances of our guide, who finally refused to come in with us. It was not so very dirty, being nicely whitewashed inside. It consisted of two rooms; we did not attempt to penetrate into the back one, but it looked tolerably tidy. There was not much furniture, consisting chiefly of several door-mats, on each of which a child lay asleep. One of the great difficulties in civilizing a gypsy is that he cannot be cured of stealing door-mats; if they gain admittance to any house, either as beggars, or, as is frequently the case, as models for the artists, they are sure to carry off the door-mat. We were shown one splendid gypsy, up at the Alhambra, who had been a very popular model among the artists; but the consumption of door-mats was so tremendous that they were obliged to give him up.

Here the gypsies were any thing but splendid, seeming very poor and sickly. Of course they begged from us, but without importunity; and we gave them some coppers, with which they were quite satisfied. One woman held in her arms an exceedingly small baby, the size and color of a black kitten, but by no means so lively.

I asked, in the Spanish idiom, "How many days it had?"

The answer was, "Seven months!"

It did not look more than a week old.

When we were getting into the carriage again, there was certainly rather a rush after us, in hopes of a shower of copper; but there was no insolence.

What an exquisite view there was up the valley of the Darro! It seemed a pity that it should be wasted on the half-savage gypsies, who do not at all care for the lovely landscape. Anywhere but in Spain people would build houses and live there; but, to be sure, if they did, it would lose great part of its wild charm. It is very well as it is.—*"A Summer in Spain," by Mrs. Ramsay (London).*

#### THE FRENCH GALLEY.

A FRENCH Protestant, who, on account of his religion, served ten years in the galley at Dunkirk, and was finally released at the instance of Queen Anne, of England, wrote an account of his servitude (1700 to 1710), and of galley-slavery in general. From this old volume we learn that an ordinary galley was about one hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet wide. She was provided with masts and sails and fifty rowers' benches, twenty-five on each side, and was armed with five cannon, all of which were placed in the forward part of the galley. The oars were fifty feet long, thirty-seven feet without and thirteen feet within the galley. Between the benches there was a passage-way three feet wide. The handling of the oars was very hard work. Each rower stood with one foot on his own bench and the other on the bench before him, then he reached as far forward as possible, raising his oar and dipping it in the water, then he leaned back, with his

foot braced, until he came down on his own bench. If these movements were not made with regularity, the rowers were in danger of hitting their heads on the oars before them. The narrator says that this labor was sometimes exacted for twenty-four consecutive hours, which, however, seems too much for human endurance. "At such times," he says, "a piece of bread soaked in wine was, at intervals, put into their mouths. If one of the rowers gave out, he was beaten as long as there were any signs of life in him, and then, without further ceremony, he was thrown overboard. Their daily fare consisted of bread and beans; their dress, of a shirt, breeches, red stockings, and cap, and a blouse, all of the coarsest material. So long as the galley was under way, no one was allowed to sleep; if she lay at anchor or in a harbor, the rowers crouched down between their benches and slept. In winter, when the galley was dismantled, their only bed was a board. At this season of the year, they were variously employed, and never allowed to be idle. If any one of note visited the galley, the convicts were put through a series of manœuvres as humiliating as they were ridiculous.

"At the first sound of the whistle—a whistle was used in commanding them as the trumpet is in commanding dragoons—they all laid aside their caps, at the second their blouses, at the third their shirts, when they were ready for the farce to begin. At a given signal, they now lay down between their benches so that no one could be seen; then, at given signals, they showed, first, a finger above the benches, then an arm, then the head, and so on, until they stood each in his place, when they were put through a variety of manœuvres, better calculated to disgust than to amuse the spectator.

"The punishment usually inflicted was the bastinado. The unfortunate, after being stripped to the waist, was made to lie flat down, while two galley-slaves held his hands and two his feet, and another laid on the blows. This latter was also stripped, and behind him stood the captain also with a bastinado in his hand, which he used on the back of the executioner if he showed any disposition to spare the criminal. After the tenth or twelfth blow the culprit was almost always speechless and motionless, still the punishment was continued. From twenty to thirty blows was the usual sentence for trifling offenses. The maximum number was one hundred; this punishment, however, few survived. For exceptional offenses the criminal was sentenced to have his feet bound to two different vessels, which were then put in motion in opposite directions, and he was torn in pieces!"

#### MY ONLY LOVE.

BY FRED. LOCKER.

My only love is always near—  
In country or in town  
I see her twinkling feet, I hear  
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it over fair and young,  
Her locks are tied in haste,  
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,  
And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads;  
And down this world-worn track  
She leads me on; but, while she leads,  
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,  
To witch me more and more;  
That wooring voice! Ah me, it seems  
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,  
And youth beguiled the chase—  
I follow, follow still; but I  
Shall never see her face!

*Cornhill Magazine.*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**T**HACKERAY, in one of the delightful little essays that he was wont to scatter so profusely through his stories, points out the enormous power of little things. The novelist was specially illustrating their force in the household, as factors in making the happiness or unhappiness of life. Men rise to the dignity of great calamities or great sorrows, and, with a certain large mastery of their natures, bow with submission and patience. But the minor, teasing things of life, the small antagonisms, the petty irritations, the disturbances that arise from causes too insignificant to acknowledge—it is these experiences that fret the brain and nerves, as dropping water wears away the marble, and render so many conditions of life almost intolerable.

There has been a great deal of force and enthusiasm expended in the name of liberty. Revolutions have arisen, martyrs have fallen, tyrants have been overcome, society has been convulsed, all to secure a political boon which we have assumed to be indispensable to our personal dignity, our happiness, and our welfare. And yet how little government, even in despotic countries, touches the individual personally! Men not aspiring to political careers have pursued the even tenor of their labors, rarely knowing by actual experience whether they were ruled by a king or a parliament; whether the voice of the whole or the authority of an individual presided over affairs. And yet we know how the world has been repeatedly convulsed by the struggles of people to assert what is but little more than an abstract principle, while all the time their real felicities have been dependent upon a hundred minor things, which they have left unheeded or submitted to with patience. We have had religious revolutions and political revolutions, but have never organized a revolution to reform many things in domestic and every-day life that have really made up the disturbing conditions of our lives.

Whether tea should or should not be taxed, possibly involved a very high principle, but what was it to the question, considered as to our practical comfort, whether our neighbor shall or shall not empty his ash-barrel? What was it to the question now before us, whether we shall be permitted to buy real tea, or only iron filings? But let us assume that taxation in tea, and all other acts of unlawful authority, involve all the important issues they are believed to do, these high principles are at least settled; our liberty is established, with the stars and stripes floating from our liberty-poles; so let us, having no other king to overthrow, consider some of those social tyrannies and minor evils that daily affect our personal comfort and peace of mind, and which a popular uprising ought to extinguish.

It is presumably the privilege of the free and independent citizen of this great republic to walk the streets of the city where he abides, or even the city where he is a guest, without fear of man. The law cannot interfere with his rightful pursuits, and the law is bound to protect him in his rightful pursuits. This would seem to be the crowning glory of liberty. But the law fails to protect him from a hundred nuisances that render the pursuit of his rightful purposes a very great vexation. Why, for instance, must ubiquitous ashmen be permitted to gather their refuse at all hours of the day, and at their pleasure cover his well-brushed coat with the flying contents of their recklessly-emptied barrels? Let us have a revolution that will compel ash and garbage gathering to be done at night.

But, when the ashmen neglect to dust his clothes in this fashion, the street-sweepers are tolerably sure to perform the operation for him. The street-sweepers are popularly supposed to make use of the watering-cart before beginning their tasks, but usually the preliminary sprinkling is a tradition, and the clouds of dust that are blown into our parlors, lodged in our lungs, and arrested by our linen and broadcloth, bear witness to our much suffering from this flagrant disregard of our rights. The methods and the processes employed for the sweeping of our streets are exasperating enough to put every citizen into hostile attitude against the powers that be. Let us have a revolution that will compel street-sweeping to be done at proper hours, under proper restrictions, and by methods that have in view the rights and comforts of the people.

Sometimes there is rain. In winter there is frequently snow. Two well-known facts, but we state them for reasons. Now, whether we have rain or snow, we are exposed to a hundred annoyances from a chronic disregard of our privileges as citizens of a free republic. One man permits his water-spout to go unrepaired, and it deluges every unsuspecting passer-by. Another permits the accumulated snow to remain on his sidewalk, which, in a thaw, accommodates us with wet feet, and when frozen dislodges us from our perpendicular. The streets often remain for days nearly impassable after a snow, even while we have an expensive machinery under the city government for cleansing and keeping our thoroughfares in order. We want a revolution that will compel both citizens and officials to regard the rights and welfare of the community in this particular.

Shall we go on and enumerate the many minor matters which affect our comfort so essentially, and yet which are so commonly disregarded? Do we not all know about the sidewalks lumbered with dealers' goods? about the neighbor whose unfastened window-shutter, in a high wind, keeps us awake all night? about the vehicle that comes

whirling swiftly around the corner, bespattering our coat with mud, and even damaging the integrity of our limbs? about the fellows who smoke on car-platforms, and send their nauseous exhalations into our lungs on the promenade? about those who expectorate without reserve on the sidewalk? about the rudeness of the crowds on the ferry-boats and at the theatres? about ten thousand irritating experiences—the number is scarcely too large—that every one has to undergo in consequence of public or private heedlessness? We cannot quite devote all our space to this topic, and a full list of these evils would require it, while we have not said a word about the "little things" that torment us in the household; so let the reader recall all that he undergoes from minor vexations, noting the real supremacy of insignificant matters in life, and join with us in demanding revolution for their reform.

The time is entirely ripe for such a demonstration. We have settled the matters of kings and bishops and parliaments and dictators, and so we are not so busy that we cannot give our time and service to a general social upheaval—to the overthrow of incapacity, the deposition of indifference, the punishment of neglect, the arrest of recklessness, and the banishment of all those selfish habits that prove so destructive to the peace and comfort of others in every-day affairs. Let us have a general revolution for the purpose of reform in little things.

Some one has been writing in *Chamber's Journal* about "United States English" with the usual accuracy that characterizes papers of the kind when emanating from Englishmen. That the single / in "traveller," and the s for c in words like "defence," trouble the writer is no wonder, but he assuredly ought to have known that these deviations, so far from not being done on principle, as he asserts, have the authority of a lexicographer distinguished, even if not followed, in England. He is again perplexed at "theater," and is amused that, while some of the journals spell the word with er, others give it, as commonly printed in England, "theatre," not knowing that this confusion has method in it, one form being used by the followers of Webster, and the other by those of Worcester. The word "boss" is another stumbling-block in his way, he never discovering that this term is of good Dutch descent, and was naturalized here by the New-York Knickerbockers of world-wide renown. There is no law which compels us to get words from foreign languages by the way of England. What is true of "boss" is also true of "stoop," another word which perplexes our not very erudite critic. Another peculiarity which strikes an Englishman, he tells us, "is that he does not hear the weather praised in the various terms employed at home. Here we ring the changes on lovely, delightful, charming, and beautiful; but in the Great Republic praise is exhausted when they say, 'This is a pretty day,' or 'What a

pretty morning!" This will be very surprising news to most Americans. We do not know in what part of the Union this Englishman picked up his knowledge of American English, but "What a pretty morning!" is a phrase that never saluted our ears at least. It must be admitted, however, that our censor is not always wrong. He laughs at us for using "through" instead of "finished." This just censure recalls an incident we were witness of at an American hotel. "Are you through?" asked a gentleman of an Englishman who was sitting at table. "Through?" exclaimed the Englishman, staring around, above, and below — "through? — through what?" "Through dinner," was the response. A puzzled and then an amused expression broke over the ruddy Englishman's face as he intimated that he had finished his dinner, but never supposed he had gone through it! The words "fuss" and "muss," as used by Americans, are also justly condemned. We are further accused of using slang very freely, but here, while this is a prevalent opinion, we think the writer is wrong. This cannot be established without more elaboration than we can give the topic in a brief paragraph, but we are disposed to believe that slang words are more abundant in England than here—not in their literature, but in the conversation of even cultivated people. English slang is probably somewhat more refined in character than our own, but we think it is more freely used. Listen to the comments of an English gentleman as compared with an American one at a boat-race, on the road, at the theatre, or other public place, and note how many more questionable terms the former will use than the latter.

In the number of the JOURNAL for December 4, 1869, an illustrated description was given of a bold project to construct a suspension-bridge over the Straits of Dover. This was intended to rest on the Shakespeare Cliff, on the English coast, and on Cape Blanc Nez, on that of France; and it was estimated that the cost of this courageous undertaking would reach something like ten millions sterling. Since that time, another plan of avoiding the pains and penalties which travelers now suffer for their curiosity to see the Continent has, to a large degree, diverted speculation from the suspension-bridge project. Of course there are but three ways of getting a railway-train across the narrow strait, wherein the German and Atlantic Oceans meet in a perpetual struggle for a passage, creating thus an eternal battle of the waters. One is to throw a bridge across the twenty-odd miles between the two coasts; a second is to construct large steamers, upon which the trains may be run—but this, as it would in nowise obviate the ludicrous and distressing ill of sea-sickness, has been but little considered; the third is to tunnel the Channel. At first, the idea of tunneling seemed so utterly impossible as to be visionary: the example of that expensive wonder of the world—the Thames Tunnel—which traversed an underground and under-water space of rather less than half a mile, and was so costly, not only in construction but in the necessity of constant repair, that it has been

closed, was cited to show at once the enormous cost and the untrustworthiness of a tunnel under the wild, surging Dover Straits. But gradually scientific opinion, both in England and in France, has settled down pretty harmoniously to the conviction that, if the brief but dreaded horrors of the Channel—a bugbear as much feared by Caesar's proconsuls as by the modern shah—are to be avoided at all, it must be by dodging under it, and not by shooting over it by rail. Both countries have appointed commissions to give an earnest professional consideration to the subject: the French savants have just held a session at Arras to examine plans, hear arguments, and scrutinize patent tunneling-machines; and it was understood that the plan is considered not only practical, but the cheapest among those suggested. England and France propose to divide the expense and the profits of the completed enterprise. Geologists and engineers, who have been engaged in investigating, measuring, and calculating the Channel strata, pronounce the clay and strata layers impermeable by water, and hit upon the paleozoic layer, which they find at about an average depth of a thousand feet between the two coasts, and of ample thickness to be that which may be safely bored to constitute a permanent tunnel. No estimate of the cost has been authoritatively stated; but it can be scarcely less than from eight to ten millions sterling.

Charles Kingsley will be welcomed to this country, not so much because he is a prominent Church-of-England divine, or because he has written many entertaining fictions, as because of the catholicity of his sympathies, and the active interest he has always taken in all that could improve the physical as well as the moral condition of humanity. Kingsley is a man of the world in the best sense. He believes in a great deal of physical exercise, and is, with Tom Hughes, a champion of those robust sports which are the traditional relaxations of British boys at Eton and Rugby, as well as those in which the British country-gentlemen delight in the late autumn on their ample acres in the shires. In all questions of the day, excepting those which are purely political, he not only takes a zealous interest, but has something to say worth the hearing. A clerical courtier, and a frequenter of high society, he yet frankly sympathizes with the efforts of the laboring-classes to better their material condition, and has written much that is eloquent and sensible about the trades-union disputes which have often assumed so grave a form in England. Nor does he fear to venture into the upper regions of the philosophical controversies of the day. He refuses to take his tone, as a church dignitary, from the sacerdotal dogmas of some of the bishops, but proposes, as a Christian and a clergyman, to face the assertions and the proofs of physical science in the fearless conviction that truth must prevail, and that there can be no conflict between a true science and a true faith. An Englishman so broad in spirit and so various in the interest which he takes in men's affairs, will be a really valuable guest; for, although following

Carlyle's lead, he adhered to the cause of the South, and justified Governor Eyre of Jamaica, there is too much sincerity and honest enthusiasm in Kingsley's nature for him not to appreciate whatever there is of good and worthy of imitation in the American character and institutions, and he is too genuine a man not to say freely exactly what he thinks. Should he appear as a lecturer, there is no doubt that he will prove very successful; for he has a good oratorical manner, inasmuch as it is an earnest and honest one, and his style is, if any thing, too florid and exuberant. Those who have read "Alton Locke" and "Hypatia" best know how full of vital and vigorous humanity he is, and how nearly he can approach to the popular heart. He is one of the best types of the best kind of English-Churchmen, who refuse to be confined within cloistered limits, but find their work as well in the living and toiling world as in the pulpit or the convocation; a hearty, healthy character, whose influence, whether we agree with him or not, is sure to be healthful, and who, in his activity, purity, and liberal sympathies, presents an excellent example for the cloth everywhere.

A writer in the last number of the *North American Review*, having for his theme the "Constitutions of Great Britain and the United States," maintains that the course of our government is simply drifting; that no one can point to a single instance of conscious, intellectual, systematic, and continuous treatment of any political or social question. "In view, therefore," he says, "of the fact that the only thing our government can do successfully is to drift, and that whenever it comes to positive action it is but too apt to do harm, the doctrine has gained acceptance that the less government attempts to do the better, and that private citizens should be left to conduct their own affairs. But this view is not based upon due consideration either of human nature or the structure of society." Now, we should suppose that these considerations are exactly those upon which this theory of government is based; and, assuredly, if what the writer asserts in regard to the "drifting" of our government be true, the negative view of government would seem to be the only one to meet the exigency. In another paper, on the currency question, in the same number of the *Review*, we find this passage: "Government has no more function for the creation and management of a currency than it has for conducting any other commercial enterprise. So far as it has capital to loan, and no further, may it issue symbols, notes, or credits, against it. But no government has money to loan. Its proper function, consequently, in the matter of currency, is to provide conditions for the security and protection of the public. The office is supervisory, not creative. Even in the exercise of its proper power, the less it interferes, except to protect, the better. Worthless currencies are often palmed off upon the public for no other reason than that they are issued by permission of, or under the authority of, the government. Currencies issued by individuals, or voluntary associations, have nothing presumed in their

favor. They would be compelled to deserve, to command confidence. Every one would be on his guard. In this, as in all kindred matters, government need have no fear that the public will not take care of themselves." These comments, while applying to the currency, are true in principle of almost all public interests. They express very clearly the main principles of the negative theory of government, and are most unquestionably based upon a very full "consideration of human nature and the structure of society," which the other *Review* writer thinks does not characterize those holding this view of the functions and power of government.

### Literary.

"A VERY YOUNG COUPLE," a bright little sketch by the author of "*Mrs. Jerningham's Journal*," is decidedly worthy to be classed among the most natural and attractive of recent short stories. Its title gives an indication of its purport, and what is known of its author will probably be enough to give many readers an idea in advance of the manner and spirit of the little book. Fred and Georgy, two not unprecedent examples of the always delightful class that compose "very young couples," are a pair of lovers who became engaged, with a resolution "to wait, of course, years and years" before they could think of marrying—to wait, in short, until the prudent Fred should have amassed, from some not altogether obvious source, a sufficient property to warrant their taking the momentous step without reproach. With much talk of their martyrdom, they interchanged vows of the most unalterable patience and fidelity during their long waiting. It is needless to say to the reader who has ever derived innocent amusement from the study of similar young couples, that their remarkable period of probation endured through something like three months, when Fred, having procured a bank-clerkship, with a salary of so few pounds that we do not venture to state the amount, decided promptly that there was really no use in waiting any longer; and so these happy young people became an extremely inexperienced but altogether charming wedded pair. All this by way of prelude. The real story of the book, told autobiographically by the wife, begins with their entry into their lodgings in the country-town which in their minds exists only for the purpose of containing Mr. Fortescue's banking-house—"Fred's bank." He who does not grow young and soft-hearted as he reads of the bright little woman's house-keeping woes and pleasures, the extraordinary dinners she ordered, the wonderful disappearance of provisions and luxuries (reported by the maid as having been devoured by "the cat"), the amazing cash-account that was kept, and so on, deserves to be relegated at once to some limbo where grinding curmudgeons may pass a dreary eternity. The happy boy-and-girl life led by these two young people is described *en amore*, and with refreshing grace and spirit; and we fear that twenty sermons against early and imprudent marriage would not weigh an ounce against the influence of the dangerous book before us. As the history goes on, however, a story of more stirring and less happy sort is developed. Fred becomes intimate with a worthless reprobate, young Fortescue, the son of his employer; and, while he is in no sense led away from his wife by this

friendship, the young lady strongly objects to it. Finally, one evening, Fred goes out with Fortescue, and does not return; his wife passes a night of torturing anxiety. In the morning it is discovered that the bank has been robbed; Fortescue appears as usual, but Fred has disappeared, and is, of course, accused of the crime. In spite of the somewhat conventional nature of the incidents that must now follow between this and the *dénouement*, the story is so perfectly and so naturally told that even the worst novel-reader follows it with the keenest sympathy and interest. The perfect and unshaken faith of the young wife in her husband's innocence, her constant hope, and resistance to the accusations and weight of proof against him, are described with such natural and unforced words that the story is made a bit of by no means weak or sentimental pathos, until at last Fred comes back, of course; it is shown how he was drugged and put on board an outgoing ship by Fortescue, the real robber, who now confesses his guilt. And so the young couple live happily forever after; the worth of their history consisting in its capital picturing and fresh naturalness, which leave the reader with a kindly and forgiving spirit toward all their fellow-adventurers in the hazardous experiment of early wedding.

Mr. Samuel Smiles's valuable book on "The Huguenots in France," supplies a positive historical want, and seems to us to supply it in the needed way. It treats of the history of the French Protestants during the period when their story possesses the deepest interest—after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and at a time when their suffering, if perhaps less severe in the one respect of physical persecution with the more brutal means of torture and slaughter, was of the kind which is perhaps less appreciated, but almost as keenly felt—the suffering of enforced exile, bitter indignity, the breaking of ties that are among the strongest that men know. Mr. Smiles has fulfilled his task both as accurate historian and attractive writer, with all the success that could be asked. And he seems to us to have been particularly successful in avoiding any mere bigotry and partisanship, to which the subject has tempted many writers, and will tempt many more. Good works on special periods of history have been so rare of late that this book is especially welcome.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have, within a few days, republished two valuable English books, the first of which, especially, will be of the greatest value to the general student. This is Mr. Anthony Rich's complete and conveniently-arranged "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," an admirable manual, replacing many less clear and exhaustive works, whose bulk and complicated treatment have made them nearly useless for ordinary reference. This book, it seems to us, succeeds in finding the happy mean between the too elementary and the over-pedantic methods of treatment. It is very profusely and very sensibly illustrated with small woodcuts.—The other of the new publications is of a widely different order, and is designed for the special student. It is Mr. St. George Mivart's "Men and Apes," a treatise on the Darwinian theory of evolution. Though not a new book, its republication at this moment is valuable and opportune.

Through private letters from London we learn some interesting facts about the publication of the English edition of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's "South-Sea Idyls." It seems that the little book, which we have already

had occasion to praise in these columns, has been received with great favor by publishers there, and that it is to be brought out with some little pomp of illustration and printing. Engravings from sketches by Mr. Mackay, a young and rising English artist, are to be used, and the volume is to have an excellent typographical dress. Mr. Stoddard dedicates the English edition of his idyls to Thomas Hood.

### Art.

**I**T is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the great fire of Boston, in the autumn of 1871, was not altogether unprofitable to the city. Everybody is aware how deficient this country is in architectural effects. Scattered buildings here and there, and "bits" made up of some old mansion in combination with natural scenery, are pleasing, but we are aware of but two points of really impressive architecture in the country.

The visitor to Washington, who approaches the city across the flat and rather barren region of country between Baltimore and the Potomac, can scarcely fail to remember the first view of the noble dome of the Capitol rising three hundred feet into the air, and seen so far away beyond the tree-tops as to resemble a rosy cloud soft but clear in the atmosphere of sunset, when the lower foreground has become gray in the twilight. This sight of the beautiful dome, one of the handsomest and largest in the world, and the view of the whole Capitol, gray and hazy with aerial perspective, crowning the brow of the hill as you approach it from Pennsylvania Avenue, makes one of the two points of architectural beauty to which we have alluded.

The other picture is afforded as you approach Madison Square up Broadway of an afternoon, and see the white-marble façade of the hotels that bound it on the west, and catch a glimpse of the high, brown-stone house-fronts on Fifth Avenue fading into purple distance, with the towers and spires setting at different points into the atmosphere, and the near foreground of the square itself, with its rows of trees and the irregular outline formed by the northern row of buildings that front on the park, with the Brunswick Hotel and the Union-League Club-House at its corners. And the double of this picture is the brilliant scene by night of the gas-lights, like a thousand stars, illuminating the long, white façades of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, the St. James, Hoffman House, and a number of others, an unbroken line of white marble, gleaming with lights in every window.

Though the purity of taste of much of this architecture may be justly called in question, the views we have specified are certainly "things of beauty" and "joys forever."

But when we return to the Boston fire, and the results that have arisen from it, a different set of emotions are called into play, and perhaps a more satisfactory kind than either of the others, though we can hardly allow that any pleasure can be purer than what one feels in regarding the Capitol-dome at sunset.

All who were familiar with Boston before the great fire must remember the fine street-fronts of granite in Franklin Street and Winthrop Square—buildings that were impressive from their apparent strength and the excellence of their material. But they were swept away in a night, leaving piles of ruined stone tumbled together so thickly as to show little trace of the narrow, winding streets that formerly separated them. The exceeding value

of the land has hindered the straightening of the streets except to a very limited degree, and new piles of buildings have taken the place of the old ones. We have been told that Londoners can never obtain a view of their own cathedral, and the American conception of a "fine effect" is to get a broad and unbroken one, but the experiment in Boston seems to give this impression a denial. Devonshire Street, Mill Street, Franklin, High, and Summer Streets, are some of them slightly broader and straighter than they were, but their character of winding and intricate labyrinths is unchanged. Nourished by a study of Ruskin, and with minds improved by travel, our young American architects have hitherto lacked the opportunity to express their ideas on any large scale. New cities had to be built cheaply and quickly, and in them, as in the old, gradual changes here and there dotted about was all the scope that was afforded to their talent, but here in Boston was a new and unique field. The centre of the city, owned by men of wealth and cultivation and of the highest social class, was to be restored, and the result shows how well the architects have used their opportunities.

Probably nothing done in a hurry can be perfectly done, and, under the pressure of waiting storekeepers and postponed incomes, the owners of the property to be rebuilt were anxious for great results in little time. Hence naturally there were some shortcomings amid the great successes. The success in color is especially striking. The various-colored freestones, marbles, tiles, and bricks, to say nothing of iron in its various capacities of strength and decoration, have afforded an immense field for pictorial effect; and in this field the apparent evil of the narrow, winding streets has shown its good side. Standing on the north side of Summer Street, the view in the direction of State Street is the finest thing of its sort that an artist in America has been able to achieve.

Two or three streets, converging at sharp angles, wind irregularly through the most charming, the most lovely, and the richest-hued buildings. On one sharp corner, which has been blunted down to afford a sufficient front, stands a Venetian-Gothic structure, in full sunlight, filling the entire block, with softly-tinted walls receding on the curved line of either street, and relieved by purple and brick buildings, or white marble trimmed with olive-green, that nearly lie across the whole vista of the narrow passage-way, and are dark in shadow; while, beyond the turn of the street behind them, and perhaps at a little higher or lower level than the near view, one sees, in the tender light made by another angle of the sunshine, some gray facade, or brown tower, or cluster of oriel, or pointed windows, unique and lovely. Another pile of buildings off from Summer Street, of buff sandstone, is very long—an unbroken wall, of agreeable color, relieved between the groups of windows by tiles of rich and brilliant dyes, giving a look of gilded fret-work and a mellowness and variety that blocks of plain stone, whatever their hue, could scarcely afford. We have always believed that the common treatment of windows, as necessarily breaking up surfaces in a disagreeable way, was an error of ignorance, not of necessity; and this experiment of the rebuilding of Boston convinces us of the justice of our surmise. Often, we suppose, they have not been well arranged, but very often we could clearly see that the bright springing shafts between their dark masses served to give airiness to the effect of a structure which would otherwise have needed re-

cesses or deep-hued stones to relieve its heaviness; and here and there the brilliant sunshine, at some particular angle catching the panes of glass, added a look of gorgeous splendor to the low-toned walls.

A person unaccustomed to analyze would scarcely imagine what opportunities are afforded to the architect by the limitations in this case, which have compelled him to place his different masses and tints of material in varied angles of light. A brown, turned toward the sun and the south, is warmer and more golden than when cooled by exposure and the reflected skylight from the north; and the dancing light on a building turned half away is of different quality from the broad stare of a fronting facade; and, of course, the least critical make allowance for the change wrought by the flattening effect of broad shadows and the sharpness and brilliancy of broken lights and shades. The effect of all these details is, that the great piles of warehouses suffer an air-change "into something rich and strange;" and this part of Boston, once so prosy, except for the broken lights and shadows which their positions made picturesque in a measure, is, at last, forever poetical and charming. Fortunately, our climate has little ill-effect on materials or colors, and, as no smoke dims the purity of buildings, only the slight mellowing of tone that comes through years can affect these colors so pleasant to the eye; and this mellowness will tend to harmonize them with each other, and add further to their charm. We should like to dwell more on the details of this subject, and we might criticize unfavorably some of the buildings which are too florid, and others the owners of which appear to have aimed only to reproduce the old; but an excellent article, in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, has done this sufficiently, and we have therefore indulged only in noticing what was good as we wandered about these new-built streets, enjoying the pleasure of color and form in architecture which is finally beginning to be one of our sources of national satisfaction.

## Music.

**A** DEEP interest is always felt by people of culture in those institutions which, in some suggestive and vivid manner, connect the present with the far-distant past. The drift of our age is toward rapid change and revolution, and, in the haste of reform, there is also an uprooting of much that should be carefully protected. So, when we find an ancient landmark preserved in all its picturesqueness and integrity alike of form and surroundings, it both justifies and encourages that sense of the aesthetic in history which looks on the record of the world's changes as something more than a narrative of cause and result, philosophy teaching by example—as a sublime dramatic picture, whose earlier tableaux are linked with the latest by a common, great underlying meaning.

It is in this sense that the Welsh annual festival, or *Eisteddfod*, recently held at Utica, deserves better than mere passing mention as an interesting feature in the customs of a somewhat peculiar and marked people. The Celtic races have ever shown less power of adaptation to new conditions than the Teutonic; and if, therefore, they have developed less political genius, less control over the energies of material power, they, on the other hand, bequeath to modern thought many valuable heirlooms, without which its task of deciphering the hieroglyphics of the past would be nearly imposs-

sible. The myths, the folk and fairy lore, in which the Celtic peoples are so exceptionally rich, have furnished indispensable material to the students mining in science and history. Even more striking and impressive are certain moss-grown and ancient institutions, that crop out above the latest strata of society like huge cliffs, whose bases are frozen fast to deep, subterranean foundations. Among these a festival, like the *Eisteddfod*, is a notable example. From their earliest historic times the Welsh have held annual competitive gatherings, when all their bards and poets would gather, and, in the presence of royalty and the dignitaries of the nation, strive strenuously for the foremost rank. The victor gloried not only in his success, in the magnificent gold *torques* which was the badge of his mastership, but in the fact that to him was intrusted the lofty function of singing the national glory in all great public assemblies, of arousing national sentiment to the most fervid patriotic frenzy. When Caradoc, one of the great Welsh bards, succeeded, by his inspired and passionate song, in arousing the sullen and broken-spirited people to a final effort against the conquering Normans, the king, in an ecstasy of joy and admiration, seated the singer on his own throne. "Not because thou art the king of poets and harpers," said he, "but the savior of the nation."

In the early, semi-civilized times of Europe, such festivals were not confined to the Welsh, but were more or less characteristic of the age. Grand tournaments of music and poetry were held in France and Germany as late as the middle of the fifteenth century, and some of the names of the troubadours and minnesingers, who shone brightly at these peaceful contests, have come down to us as among the stars of mediæval literature. The object, in the institution of such gatherings, seems to have been the same which suggested the founding of the Greek Olympian and other national festivals; that of building up the homogeneous feeling among all the divisions of the people, not merely in matters of immediate public interest, but in the higher forms of literature and art. On events connected with one of the great musical tournaments of Germany, Wagner has founded the *lïretto* of the "Tannhäuser."

All these picturesque and impressive features of an earlier age have been swept away by new conditions, and the only actual memorial left is the *Eisteddfod*, which still perpetuates the antiquity of the Welsh fatherland. Darwin, in illustrating the occasional permanence of species, mentions the *lingula primula*, which is found alike in the strata that reveal the desolate story of the Silurian period, and in the more modern formations. Such a living eloquent link is the institution of which we write. It has never passed into entire disuse, and, of late years, it has been revived with much enthusiasm. Though not strictly confined to music (as poetry and recitation are included in its exercises), this occupies so marked a prominence that it may properly be discussed as a musical subject. The one held in London last year (under the auspices, we believe, of the St. David's Society) was one of the most remarkable musical affairs of the season. Competition was not confined to Welsh singers and singing societies, and the rivalry for the prizes, the leading ones of which were offered by the queen, was very active. The Welsh musicians were generally victorious, and the principal society gained the verdict, that it offered the most wonderful choral singing that had been heard in London during the generation. None of the national festivals, held in this country, have attained

the magnitude or the art-importance which characterized the one above mentioned, but they are not the less valuable and interesting illustrations of an ancient custom. The German Sängerfests, which have been held in America, by all the measures of magnitude, perhaps also by the tests of excellence, may be considered as far superior, but they lack the genuine antique flavor that gives the Welsh festival its peculiar individuality. It is considered a great honor to have won a prize at the Eisteddfod, and the victor gets a reputation among his Welsh brethren similar to that which rewarded the old Greek conqueror in the Olympian games, though, of course, less in extent and degree. The late festival at Utica was one of the most successful ever held in the United States, and the next one is projected on even a larger scale.

If it is proper to draw a moral from the matter, it might be suggested that music in the United States, as a national art, might be largely benefited by a similar festival on a large scale, which should attract the best musical talent and culture of the country to its competitive exercises. Certainly the effect on choral societies would be powerful, and these organizations stimulated to work and practise in a way they do not dream of at present. It is not improbable that a few years may bring about something of the kind. Perfection in choral singing lies at the very foundation of national musical art.

The matinée concert given by the Thomas orchestra, at Steinway Hall, on Saturday, the 3d instant, was so brilliant and remarkable, that it demands special notice. Never were the conductor and his players in more absolute *rappart*, and rarely have they been so inspired. The audience seemed to feel this, and were full of enthusiasm. The programme of Mr. Thomas was one of the most delightful in its entirety which he has ever given to the public. Mendelssohn's glorious "Midsummer-Night's Dream" music opened the feast, and its exquisite beauties so perfectly interpreted, that it is difficult to imagine a more admirable performance. This unapproachable idyl in the language of tone is unique in its symmetry, as also in the finish of its details; and the composer himself could hardly have brought out more distinctly all the subtle beauties of the score. Where all of the music was so admirably rendered, it is difficult to select any thing for specific mention. But, if any of the other selections deserved to be particularized, they were Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," and Berlioz's "Queen Mab" scherzo. The brilliant coloring and magnetic fire which permeate through the Liszt music make it one of the most powerful descriptive pieces extant. The splendid march movement with which it closes gives the most vivid possible suggestion of the theme—the Charge of the Hungarian Knights. The rendering by Mr. Thomas was of such a character that the nerves were made to thrill and tingle with something similar to what an old Latin poet calls the *gaudia certaminis*. It is desirable that these superb matinée concerts should be kept up during the winter and spring.

While referring to concerts in New York, it is unjust not to make some reference to the success of Mr. Gilmore, in reorganizing the Twenty-second Regiment band. Several concerts have been given with very brilliant results; and, though the quondam Boston leader has only had a few months to work in, his success has been notable. The band has been increased in numbers, and important new material brought in. It now has sixty-five per-

formers, including quite a number of *virtuosi*. Though Mr. Gilmore has an immense work before him ere he can bring his band to the perfection of the European military bands—an ambition which he is said to aim at—there can be no doubt that his pluck and pertinacity will accomplish all that is possible. This band has already left its rivals in the rear; and Grafulla and Dodworth will be obliged to make wonderful efforts if they close up the gap.

The managers of the Philadelphia Centennial have it in their power, by an early and careful organization, to make the great anniversary a grand epoch in the history of national music. Such a celebration should include, not merely an exhaustive survey of the interests of agriculture, mechanics, and the allied interests, but specially those of the fine arts; for it is here that we have a direct pride in competing with Europe, and here there will be an opportunity of displaying to the world, under the most favorable auspices, what we are capable of doing in the domain of pure intellect and imagination. The musical inferiority of America has not been in its lack of musical material, but in its want of a proper training and direction of this material. Why may we not have, at the Exhibition of 1876, a magnificent illustration of the growth in American music, instrumental and vocal, which will be one of its most interesting features? To do this, however, involves something more than the circulation of invitations to musical societies, and mere enthusiastic talk. There must be a great plan, and careful organization under the management of a musician whose name commands universal respect, and who possesses, in addition to musical attainments and experience, a superb executive ability, alike far-reaching in grasp and firm in its control of an infinity of detail. In a former article, we foreshadowed such a plan, and suggested the name of the man, above all others, fitted for the work. We trust to hear that the "Centennial" managers have taken the suggestion into consideration. There is no reason why America, on this occasion, should not have a musical exhibit that will do us national credit. But, let it be remembered, in such a scheme excellence, and not mere noise, is the result to be aimed at. Our country is vast in extent, and we have become accustomed to measure by the standard of size and quantity. Let us forget this in music, and, if such a plan as the foregoing is to be carried out, let quality be the ideal. Otherwise, it will make the exhibition a laughing-stock and mockery. We cannot afford, for our own credit, more than one or two Boston Jubilees in the course of a century.

It is now pretty well known to the musical public that Herr Wagner has largely depended on the Wagner Verein, formed in this country and Europe, for the success of the great Bayreuth experiment. The slow progress of the grand opera-house and the difficulty of raising funds, have caused Wagner to make an appeal to his friends and disciples for immediate aid. It has been the habit of each Verein to retain its funds, to be expended when the festival actually occurs. But, in answer to Wagner's appeal, the general executive committee in New York—of which Mr. Theodore Thomas is chairman—determined, early in the present month, to send all the funds, that could be or had been raised, immediately to Bayreuth. This will be a most valuable help to Wagner, and we may, therefore, expect far more energy in the pushing of the work.

## National and Statistical.

### American Ocean-Steamships.

CURRENCY has been given to the statement that a scheme is being matured for the establishment of a daily American transatlantic steamship company, involving the construction of a fleet of forty-five first-class iron vessels to ply between Liverpool and the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The proposed starting capital is \$30,000,000, and each vessel, of 4,000 tons, to be constructed entirely of American material, will cost \$800,000. This announcement is certainly a cheering indication of the gradual return of the American mercantile marine to its former power and importance. We have faith in the practicability of such an enterprise. There is a growing demand for more ocean-steamships; and the time has fully arrived when it ought to be no longer said that, of the large number of ocean-steamships which sail from New York every week, not one carries the American flag.

Respecting the proposed grand steamship-line, it is also further stated that the company's bonds are to be made payable in twenty years, bearing interest at six per cent., and that the government will be asked to guarantee the bonds and pay the interest. To secure the government, lien on the vessels will be given.

It is pleasant to know that, during the long struggle of the American flag to fly over the deck of an American ocean-steamship, the year 1873 witnessed the establishment of a line of American ocean iron steamers. We refer to the Philadelphia-Liverpool line, composed of the handsome vessels Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—the result of private effort, backed by a powerful corporation, which has done much to develop a track and traffic calculated to maintain successfully such a line of iron steamers. And we regard the establishment of this line as an answer, in part, to the question, Can a first-class American ocean-steamship line, such as is proposed, be made to pay?

Official statistics show that our mercantile marine now stands second only to that of England, and that its flag is largely identified with the commerce of Canada, the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific coast. During the past year, the shipping interests, the world over, have enjoyed a very high degree of prosperity, a result of natural, not artificial, causes. and good freights, and plenty of employment for shipping—steam or sail—have been marked during the past two years. Statistics show that there were built in the United States, in 1873, more vessels than at any period in the past seven years, the total being 309,246 tons—the State of Maine alone being credited with over 80,000 tons, to say nothing of the splendid iron steamships built on the Delaware, the Clyde of America; while there are to-day on the stocks in the ship-yards of the country not fewer than 250 vessels.

England has for years monopolized the business of the ocean, but it is a long lane that has no turn. The rise in the cost of materials of construction and of labor in Great Britain, coupled with American inventive genius, has revived ship-building in the United States on a firm basis, and it is a fact that the demand to-day for American-built vessels, of large tonnage, is greater than the supply. The difference in the cost of construction of a steamship, similar to either of the vessels that constitute the Philadelphia-Liverpool line and an English vessel of the same tonnage and style, is now about the same, superiority being

accorded to American-built craft as respects material and honest workmanship. Indeed, the facts in the case show that we are now building both wooden and iron ships with a facility equal to that of England; and still we have only one American ocean-line of steamers.

Having thus shown, we think, that first-class ocean-steamships can be built in this country as cheaply and as thoroughly as in England, without additional "drawbacks" on material entering into their construction, there is also a positive, growing demand for more vessels of that class. The fact, too, that our ship-building is now carried on, to a great extent, near to sources of supply of the raw material, enables the prosecution of this industry to be carried on less expensively than under other circumstances. There are now engaged in the transatlantic service about 230 steamships, whose tonnage is fully equal to 530,000, gross weight. The outward cargoes of these vessels are composed of American produce and passenger-traffic, and the return-cargoes consist of foreign productions and immigrants. In addition to the vessels now composing the "ocean ferries," there are fifteen or twenty new ones on the stocks on the Clyde, the Mersey, and the Tyne, all of which are expected to be placed in active service during the present year, and will sail under the foreign flag. There is invested in the ocean-steamships, sailing under foreign flags, a sum equal to at least \$135,000,000, which, in the aggregate, averages a large dividend; and the surplus, after satisfying the investors, is held as a reserve, and put into new vessels. Some lines pay better than others, but we have not yet heard of a single foreign line abandoned for want of support. This is a significant fact. The truth of it is, the closer the scrutiny of foreign capitalists into American commercial affairs, into the wonderful growth and prosperity of the country and its unparalleled resources, the more anxious do the shrewd capitalists of Europe become to place their surplus capital where it will do the most good. The recent great increase of the number of vessels of the several steamship companies is proof of this.

Concerning the sources of income derived by the existing ocean-steamship lines, they are worthy of notice. We will, however, refer to only one feature of the traffic—the passenger, cabin, and steerage—which last year amounted to not less than \$10,000,000 for the former and \$12,000,000 for the latter, not including the money received from returning emigrants. The number of immigrant arrivals at New-York City alone, last year, was 267,901, and their passage-money, at the rate of \$30 per head, amounted to \$8,087,030, while the 460,000 immigrants who landed in this country during the fiscal year ending June, 1873, paid to the several steamship-lines a sum equal to at least \$18,400,000. Since 1865, the number of immigrants landed at New York has been 1,951,000, and the amount of passage-money reached the enormous sum of \$64,214,010, and it is assumed that all those passengers came in steam-vessels. Since 1847, the 5,302,271 immigrants who landed at New York, paid an aggregate of \$159,068,180 to both steam and sail vessels. These figures show the extent of immigration, as well as one of the sources from which the "ocean-ferries" derive their income. Several of the lines engaged in the traffic have realized annual dividends stated at from seventeen to twenty per cent. During the past year, too, freights to Liverpool have been very satisfactory, even, in some instances, regulating the prices of grain at Chicago.

We think there was never a more auspicious period in the commercial history of our country for capitalists to invest in the establishment of American ocean-steamship lines, than now. We believe there still remains enough of patriotism, capital, keen business conception, ingenuity, and adaptability, and national pride, in the American character, to put upon the ocean a fleet of merchant-steamers that shall not only be a credit to naval architecture, but prove a source of profit to its owners.

We copy from an article in the last issue of the *North American Review* the following statistics in regard to coin in circulation in this country and the leading nations of Europe: "M. Victor Bonnet, an eminent French authority in matters of currency and finance, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November 1st, states the amount of silver coin in circulation in France and in its mint to be \$300,000,000, while the coinage of this metal is going on at the rate of \$25,000,000 annually. The gold coin in circulation he estimates at \$800,000,000, making a total metallic currency, for that country, of \$1,100,000,000; and that, too, after the payment of the German indemnity of \$1,000,000,000! The bids for the loan of \$750,000,000 brought out in France in the summer of 1872 equaled \$8,000,000,000, a sum very nearly four times the amount of the public debt of the United States! These figures, for quality, match Niagara and the Mississippi, and should qualify our conceit a little, when our country and its resources are the theme.

"M. Bonnet also states that the silver coin in circulation in Germany equals \$480,000,000, while its recent gold coinage (largely drawn from the French payment) amounts to \$296,000,000. In England the amount of coin in circulation outside of the Bank of England, which holds \$100,000,000, is estimated at \$500,000,000. We shall need at least an equal sum. The amount now held in this country, in all hands, cannot exceed \$150,000,000. We must accumulate, therefore, an additional sum of \$350,000,000 before we can safely attempt a final resumption. Our mines annually produce about \$60,000,000. Could their whole product be retained at home, we could be sure of the required amount in six years. We have for the last ten years exported \$52,604,278 over our imports. This drain will be instantly stopped the moment the banks and the government commence, in earnest, the accumulation of adequate specie reserves."

## Science.

IN noticing the death of Professor Agassiz, a correspondent to *Nature* sends the editor, for publication, the following passage from a letter received from Professor Agassiz the week before his death. We give the extract in full, believing, with the recipient, that it will be interesting to his many sorrowing friends, "as attesting indirectly to the cause of his death, viz., excess of mental and physical exertion." We would add, however, that, had this distinguished scholar known the result which was to follow from these exertions, he would hardly have relaxed from labors the end of which was to secure to science two such powerful allies as the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, Cambridge, and the Anderson School, on Penikese Island. The letter bears date of Cambridge, November 26, 1873, and reads as follows: "A feeling of despond-

ency comes over me when I see how long a time has elapsed since I received your last letter, which at the time I meant to answer immediately. With returning health, I have found the most frightful amount of neglected work to bring up to date, with the addition of a new institution to organize. I have given myself up to the task with all the energy of which I am capable, and have made a splendid success of the Anderson School, which cannot fail henceforth to have a powerful influence upon the progress of science in the United States. But this has driven out every thing else; and I should have neglected even the Museum, had not a constant appeal to my attention arisen from the close connection in which the Anderson School stands to the Museum, of which it is, as it were, the educational branch. So, School and Museum have made gigantic strides side by side—but I am down again. At least, I feel unable to exert myself as usual, and such a feeling in the beginning of the working-sesson is disheartening. When I last wrote, I had strong hopes of an easy summer with my family, and confidently expected to be able to pass the greater part of the winter in Europe, and to have prepared the volume on Selachians of the 'Poissons Fossiles' for a new edition, or rather an English work on the subject. Now that hope is gone; the immense accessions to our Museum make even the progress of the coal-fishes from Iowa slow and almost hopeless. With twenty-two assistants and fourteen sub-assistants in the Museum, I have my hands full with administrative duties and responsibilities, and science and friends suffer.

"Ever truly your friend

(Signed)

"L. AGASSIZ."

In this age of extended experimental research, the members of the brute creation find themselves too often called upon to contribute not only their liberty, but their lives, to the cause of physiological science. At a recent date there was presented a detailed account of Professor Ferrier's experiments upon the brains of numberless cats, rabbits, birds, etc.; and, though the results were of a nature to commend the efforts of the learned professor, yet it was not without a sincere sentiment of pity that we read of the writhings and wails of these faithful friends of man, their master. Now we read of a cage of animals which are first nearly roasting, that man may tell how great heat man can bear. Then follows the reverse picture, with a refrigerator in place of the oven, and a group of shivering mammals, slowly freezing to death, while the devoted student of Nature stands, thermometer in hand, to note the temperature at which the blood congeals, and the animal dies or sleeps. The latest record of these vivisections is that contained in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Dr. McKendrick, in which was given, in detail, the description of certain experiments on the physiological action of ozone. On subjecting birds, rabbits, mice, frogs, etc., to an atmosphere highly charged with ozone, a marked diminution in the number of respirations was noted, while their force was impaired; though, in some instances, this action was continued after death had taken place. An examination of the blood of the victims proved it to be in the venous state in all parts of the body, whether the death was caused by confinement in an atmosphere of ozonized air or ozonized oxygen. The devotion of the experimenter to the cause of science was demonstrated by the fact that he and his friends "were among the subjects experimented upon." The effect of the ozone upon the mucous membrane of the

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nose and air-passages of the human subject was that of an undue irritation. A result attributed by Dr. McKendrick "to the density of the ozone being greater than that of the carbonic acid of the blood, so that diffusion in the air-cells of the lungs was retarded, and there was consequently an accumulation of the carbonic acid."

In a late number of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Professor E. A. Dolbear describes a simple form of optical apparatus, designed to illustrate the interesting phenomenon of manometric flames. Now that the laws of vibrations and their attendant phenomena are receiving the especial attention of both physicists and engineers, any means by which the true character of these laws may be determined, and their methods of operation demonstrated, can but be of value; and the plan proposed by Professor Dolbear is so readily applied as to make it of especial value. It is described as follows: Take a tube of any material, from one to two inches in diameter, and anywhere from two inches to a foot or more in length. Over one end paste a piece of tissue-paper or a thin piece of rubber, or gold-beater's skin—either will do. In the centre of the membrane, with a drop of mucilage, fasten a bit of looking-glass not more than an eighth of an inch square, with the reflecting side outward, of course. When dry, take it to the sunshine, and, with the open end of the tube at the mouth, hold the other end so that the beam of reflected light will fall upon the white wall or a sheet of paper, held in the hand. Now speak, or sing, or toot in it. The regular movement of the beam of light, with the persistence of vision, presents very beautiful and regular patterns, that differ for each different pitch and intensity, but are quite uniform for given conditions. If a tune like "Auld Lang Syne" is tooted slowly in it, care being taken to give the sounds the same intensity, a series of curves will appear, one for each sound and alike for a given sound, whether reached by ascension or descension, so that it would be possible to indicate the tune by the curves; in other words, it is a true phonograph.

Our Eastern readers were greeted recently by an announcement, forwarded through the agency of the Associated Press, to the effect that a genuine volcanic eruption had taken place in the Pinto Mountains, Nevada. To the wonders of the cañon, geyser, and mineral springs, was now to be added that of a volcano in active operation, and many returned travelers, doubtless, regretted that they had not postponed their Western pilgrimage till the birth of this new wonder, while those who were yet in doubt as to the expediency of a Western trip, concluded, in view of this new revelation of Nature, to delay no longer. Owing to more recent and trustworthy information, we hardly know whether to regard the phenomenon with less wonder than before, since an artificial volcano is a marvel hardly less astounding than its great archetype. But, not to delay suspense too long, we hasten to the final explanation. "The report," writes a correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, "of the breaking out of a volcano, was not a falsification, but resulted from the following facts: A man by the name of Davis, passing through Silverado Cañon, stopped and kindled a fire near a fissure at the base of a cliff forming one wall of the cañon. This fissure connecting with the surface above, and being partly filled with inflammable debris, ravens' nests, etc., the fire communicated with the fissure by the draft

created from the burning fuel below, and the smoke, ascending from above, produced the impression, among some miners on the opposite side, of the appearance of a real volcano." Nature also came to the support of her human ally, and by the aid of a few feeble earthquake-shocks fixed the impression, and hence the report.

On the 18th of December ultimo the last tube in the centre span of the eastern arch of the St. Louis Bridge was laid, and at twelve o'clock on that day the American flag was raised on the middle tower. There were present at the ceremony a party of ladies and gentleman who had walked from the shore to the centre, the first pedestrians to pass over this new highway across the Mississippi. It is expected that the bridge will be open for traffic by the 4th of July next, before which time we shall endeavor to lay before our readers a detailed description of this important engineering and commercial enterprise—it being, if we mistake not, the greatest arch-bridge in existence.

It is announced that the council of the Royal Society has determined to advise the Government to attach a small staff of naturalists to the two expeditions destined to observe the coming transit of Venus, in the island of Rodriguez and Kerguelen's Land. As both points are fruitful fields for such observations, the results promise to be of great interest and value.

### Contemporary Sayings.

"ELI PERKINS," in his "lecture," tells of a visit which his uncle Consider made to the Shah of Persia in London: "Do you like our country?" said Consider. "It is great, Mr. Perkins, great," replied the Eastern monarch; "Europe, with all her civilization, only exceeds your country in one thing, and that is her magnificent collection of ruins." "But," said Consider, "we shall soon have splendid young ruins. Look at Washington Monument, look at Castle Garden, look at the old post-office and the Mercantile Library. Go further. Look at the Southern Confederacy, look at Jeff. Davis, look at 'Boss' Tweed, look at Mr. Genet; 'Yes, Mr. Perkins,' rejoined the shah, 'I see the enterprise of the Americans on the ruin question, but you cannot compete with us yet.'

A writer in the current *Cornhill* maintains that "Frenchmen owe their popularity not so much to their qualities as to their defects, though it should be noticed that their defects, being exempt from hypocrisy, often wear an honest look than other people's virtues. If the French affected British propriety, German gravity, Spanish superciliousness, or if they were servile as the Italians, we might speak in severe terms of their ungovernable natures, their inordinate bumptiousness, factiousness, and immorality. But how be angry with men who are the first to laugh at their own vices, and who yet retain self-respect enough to show that they think none the worse of themselves for being sinners? It is in this inner consciousness of innocence that lies the great charm of the French; they do wrong, but there is such a smiling candor in their waywardness that it disarms censure."

A correspondent of the *Nation*, describing Florence, speaks of an ancient row of houses lying on the north side of the Arno, "in whose yellow flood they bathe their aching old feet. They look," he says, "as if, fifty years ago, the muddy river had risen over their chimneys, and then subsided again, and left them coated forever with unsightly slime. And yet, because the river is yellow, and the light is yellow, and here and there some mellow, mouldering surface, some limit of color, some accident of atmosphere, takes up the foolish tale,

and repeats the note—because, in short, it is Florence, it is Italy, and you are an American, bred amid the micaceous sparkle of brown-stone fronts, and lavish of enthusiasms, these miserable dwellings, instead of simply suggesting mental invocations to an enterprising board of health, bloom and glow all along the line in a perfect felicity of picturesqueness."

Mr. Dion Boucicault certainly incurs the condemnation which Shakespeare launches against "the man that hath no music in his soul." He says, in one of his recent proclamations: "The science of music can no further go than the captivation of the senses. It is simply a pleasure; a sweet and very innocent one, I admit, but the nonsense that is written about it amazes me. . . . It is the aesthetic stimulant of the day, and we are all in the condition of harmonic *delirium tremens*. When a nation becomes thoroughly musical, as Greece did in its decadence—as Italy has done within the last three hundred years—it is a sure sign of softening of the nationa brain."

Mr. James S. Pike, in his book on "The Prostrate State," says the rule of South Carolina "should not be dignified with the name of a government. It is the installation of a huge system of brigandage. The men who have it in control, and the men who now have it in control, are the picked villains of the community. They are the highwaymen of the State. They are professional legislative robbers. They are men who have studied and practised the art of legalized theft. They are in no sense different from, or better than, the men who fill the prisons and penitentiaries of the world. They are, in fact, of precisely that class, only more daring and audacious. The sole, bare object is to gorge the individual with public plunder."

The *Tribune* says: "There is too much chicanery to make 'good matches' among vulgar people; but there are fewer vulgar people in the world than we are apt to suppose. The natural impulse with every mother and father is to look back to their own spring-time of joy and love, and to strive, with all their foolish fondness, to give to their girl as warm and glad a spring. Hang pearls about her white neck, and dainty dresses on the soft limbs, and let her go dance with the others; if love comes to her, is it not the time of love? But, when it comes and she is married, there is a strong public opinion which hints to her that her holiday is over."

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* gives the following remark of Frenchmen to him, as a specimen of the effect of Bazaine's conviction on the national mind: "Now, monsieur, we can hold up our heads proudly, and meet the calumnies of the world upon our brave troops, who were never whipped by the Prussians, even five to one, but betrayed by their own generals. *Nous étions trahis!* and the proof is found in the conviction of this traitor Bazaine. If the Germans can now enjoy the glory of having purchased their victories, they are welcome to it; it is not thus that the French make war. No, a thousand times no!"

In the following words about the "specie correspondent," the *Tribune* strikes the keynote of a great newspaper epic: "Not only in every ward of the great city, in every town of the United States, but in all the countries of Europe, in trackless deserts, on vexed seas, and among inhospitable strangers, the correspondent and the reporter pursue from day to day their difficult duty. They are found in the heat of the battle-field; they sail with discovery-ships into the frozen arctic; they follow the police into the haunts of crime and scenes of violence; they travel in disguise through hostile cities."

The London *Spectator* says: "It is odd, and, we think, a mistake, that Rome should not make a Prussian cardinal at the present crisis; but still odder that she should not make an American cardinal, for the future of the Church depends on the New World. Perhaps Rome thinks a cardinal would be unpopular among the democrats of the United States. If so, she makes a great mistake, and does not understand human nature as she used to do."

"Considered as a form of social relaxation," says the *Times*, "amateur theatricals compare favorably with most other fashionable devices for passing the time. Crude and imperfect in the main these performances must certainly be; yet the generous critic will be not unwilling to bear with their defects for the sake of the promise they yield, and, still more, for the cause to which they are commonly devoted. Charity, in the devious ways of life, is called on to cover a great many worse sins than those of our amateur actors."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* makes the gratifying announcement that "the reporter of a Nashville paper, who, mentioning a young lady's decease, touchingly alluded to her as 'one of the brightest jewels that ever glittered in the diadem of an earthly home; one of the purest stars that ever gleamed upon the frontlet of our social sky; one of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed in the garden of earliest associations,' has had his salary increased to four dollars a month, half cash, and the balance in cord-wood."

Mr. Edwin de Leon, in a letter to the *Independent* on the condition of the South, says: "The relative attitude and character of North and South seem rapidly reversing themselves; and, while the latter is displaying thrift, care, and caution, and the development of resources, the former seems to have caught up the cast-off mantle of recklessness and want of care for the morrow, as well as absorption in one idea, formerly the characteristics of her Southern 'sister' by another mother."

One of the reviewers of the Harvard examination papers says: "It is a somewhat curious fact that, among the specimens of bad English to be corrected by the pupils, in the department of rhetoric, are sentences from the writings of Swift, Coleridge, George Eliot, Froude, John Henry Newman, Richard Grant White, Bret Harte, and W. D. Howells. Some of these examples suggest the suspicion that the Harvard professor wishes for better bread than can be made of wheat."

The *Saturday Review* says: "A man who devotes himself entirely to art is occasionally wanting in respect for abstract truth, and tries to meet argument by unreasoning sententious. The man, on the other hand, who devotes himself entirely to science is apt to despise any consideration which cannot be packed into a rigid formula, and sometimes carries into an inappropriate sphere the habits of positive assertion which he has acquired in the region of strict demonstration."

A writer in one of the current periodicals cites the following in support of his theory that "names generally go by opposites:"

"Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea;  
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey;  
Mr. Gotobed sits up until half-after three;  
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney;  
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a root;  
Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back;  
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot;  
Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback."

The *Saturday Review*, of December 20th, says: "The approach of the season in which it is proper to dwell upon the virtues of peace and good-will naturally recalls the pleasures of quarreling;" and adds that "no reasonable person would deny that much pleasure may be derived from a quarrel well designed, original, and skillfully worked out by judicious persons."

"The proselyting spirit," according to Professor Max Müller, "is the common feature of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity—this binds them together. In some points they may be as diverse as the day and night, but they could not have achieved what they have if the spirit of truth and of love had not been alive in their founders."

Robert Collyer, of Chicago, in the construction of his new church, has had the pulpit moved much farther forward than usual, and placed right in among the people. He says: "It is a difficult matter to hurt a sinner or help a saint at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet!"

The *Saturday Review* says: "Ours is no longer the age described by Mr. Carlyle as

"destitute of faith, yet terrified at skepticism." We have lost our terror, and accepted skepticism, but only as provisional. We understand it now, not as a resting-place, but as a starting-point."

The Paris wits have given M. Emile de Girardin the nickname of *Le Saint-Sacrement*, "because it has been remarked that governments only send for him when their condition is past praying for; and his arrival invariably acts like a *avis dimittit* which closes their career for good and all."

*Punch* pokes fun at "quality hours" thus: Old Party (to Tompkins, whose pug has been seized with a fit)—"It strikes me, sir, your dog has had too much dinner!" Tompkins—"I beg your pardon, sir; my dog does not die till half-past seven!"

The *Tribune* thinks the restoration of the monarchy in Spain must always be a difficult and wellnigh impossible enterprise, because of "the almost total decay of the principle of personal loyalty among the people at large."

One who knows M. About, the famous French *littérateur* and wit, maliciously says of him that "he is generous in forgiving and forgetting the hard things he has said of others."

Senator Sumner says he "regards Castellar as the greatest of living orators, and that his speeches are characterized by wonderful breadth, elevation, and beauty, and by a love of humanity nowhere surpassed."

Some one has been looking over the record of the Legislature of West Virginia, and finds that at its last session it passed a law "to prevent the owners of hogs from running at large."

The *Tribune* is despondent because "this is getting to be a mixed age in respect of grammatical gender."

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JANUARY 1.—Advices from Cape Coast Castle, December 15th, report that Sir Garrett Wolseley had advanced seventy miles into the interior. The Ashantees flying before him. Troop-ships Himalaya and Tamar had arrived at Cape Coast Castle, and every thing was ready for an advance upon Coomassie.

Court-martial at Versailles condemns six more Communists to death in *contumaciam*.

Explosion of the magazine of insurgent iron-clad Tetuan, in the harbor of Cartagena, Spain.

Death, at Washington, of General B. J. Sweet, deputy commissioner of internal revenue, aged forty-one years.

Large fire at Wilkebarro, Pa.

JANUARY 2.—Fort Calvario captured and burned by the besiegers of Cartagena, Spain.

Reported defalcation of \$65,000 in the National Savings-Bank of Concord, N. H.

Reports from Fort McIntosh, Texas, of numerous outrages by the Comanches—ranches plundered, and rancheros murdered. At San Diego, seventy-five miles from Corpus Christi, seven shepherds were hanged, and twenty-two persons murdered.

JANUARY 3.—The Spanish Cortes, having twice voted adversely to the government of Castellar, General Pavia, with a force of fourteen thousand men, took possession of the public buildings, and dissolved the Cortes, summoning eminent men of all parties to form a new government.

Advices that the Spanish republican force, commanded by General Moriones, is opposed by a body of Carlists twenty thousand strong.

Terrific hurricane at Santa Fé, New Mexico. Destuctive fires at Cincinnati and Nashville.

JANUARY 4.—New government formed in Spain, with Francisco Serrano y Dominguez, Duke de la Torre, generally known as Marshal Serrano, as president, with the following ministry: President, Serrano; Minister of Foreign

Affairs, Sagasta; Minister of War, Zavala; Minister of Justice, Figuerola; Minister of Agriculture, Becerra; Minister of Finance, Echegaray; Minister of the Interior, García Ruiz; Minister of Marine, Topete.

The assault upon Cartagena has begun, the commander-in-chief advancing upon Sananton, a suburb 1,500 yards from the city.

A famine reported in five districts of the Russian province of Samara, on the Volga. Large fire at Philadelphia.

JANUARY 5.—Advices from Spain report the suppression of all Carlist and intransigente newspapers by the new ministry of Spain; the constitutional guarantees suspended, and the laws of 1870 put in force. An armed rising of the Volunteers of Liberty at Saragossa, incited by the municipality. After eight hours' fighting, they were defeated with the loss of two hundred prisoners and six pieces of artillery.

The Ville du Havre officers acquitted by the French admiralty court, which asserts that the collision was entirely due to the *Loch Earn*.

Metropolitan Railway Carriage Works, at Birmingham, England, destroyed by fire.

JANUARY 6.—Advices that the diplomatic representatives of Spain at Paris, Brussels, and Lisbon, have resigned.

Señor Carvajal has been placed at the head of the Madrid municipality.

Heavy snow-storm along the Gulf coast.

Siege of Cartagena continues. Defenders have made several desperate sorties, but without effect. Black flag hoisted over Fort Galtres.

Advices from Santa Fé, New Mexico; armed Mexicans have crossed from Presidio del Norte and attacked ranches of Burgess, Smith, Tuckham, and others, stealing every head of cattle. Affairs on the border very unsettled.

JANUARY 7.—Generals Hidalgo and Ripoll placed under arrest by the new Spanish Government. Province of Valencia declared in a state of siege. Castellar rejects the overtures of Señor Salmeron and others to coöperate with him in reorganizing the federal republicans.

Cholera prevailing in the Dutch camp at Achene.

Heavy rain-storm in nearly all parts of the Union; snow in some portions of the West. Floods threatened.

## Notices.

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